TN S 1 U189JULE0 83 1 60
E TENNESSEE ST UNIV
PERIODICALS LIBR
THE SHERROD LIBR
JOHNSON CITY TN
37614

The Nation.

February 27, 1982 $1.25

P
2
W37

TORIAL

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK

The laughter was the awful part. It came rolling out, shaking the 6 foot 8 inch frame of Thomas Enders, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Enders, appearing before a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing on aid to El Salvador, had just been asked by Senator Nancy Kassebaum, "Can you see light at the end of the tunnel?" The Assistant Secretary's hearty laughter gusted on and on, until Senator Paul Tsongas finally interjected, "Does the laughter mean, 'Yes, I see a light' or 'No, I don't see a light'?"

"Oh," replied Enders, "I was only laughing at the phrase. I think I'm on the optimistic side on this."

It is nice that Enders found this echo of Indochina so funny—nice in the sense of "appropriate." For he was number-two man in the U.S. Embassy in Phnom Penh at the time of Henry Kissinger's "sideshow," the bombings that laid waste to Cambodia in the early 1970s. But American flyers are not yet bombing the Salvadorans back to the Stone Age, and so Enders told the senators that the United States should send "more" arms to the Duarte junta—"but not so much more that you have enough to physically exterminate the rebels." That is what passes for "restraint" in Washington these days.

There may be some who remember that Enders once called the rigged elections that made Lon Nol briefly President of Cambodia "a step forward for Cambodian democracy." With the same team spirit that he showed in Cambodia when he lied about the fact that he was picking the targets for the Kissinger-Haig aerial annihilation of that country, he told the Foreign Relations Committee that "to withhold . . . assistance would be to abandon El Salvador." Another opening, another sideshow. And another tunnel, yawning before us.

COMMUNISM AND THE LEFT
Susan Sontag

COMMENTS
Philip Green
Diana Trilling
Aryeh Neier
Daniel Singer
Andrew Kopkind
David Hollinger
Philip Pochoda
Christopher Hitchens

SCHELL'S ATOM ESCHATOLOGY

SALVADORAN ELECTIONS
Cynthia Brown

'PARTISAN' OBSERVER
Mark Schechner

THE E.N.D. MOVEMENT

EUROPE IN SEARCH OF AUTONOMY

ALAN WOLFE

The issue raised by the proponents of European nuclear disarmament is, simply, whether the idea of Europe as a political entity makes sense any longer. A case can be made that it does not. Indeed, many on the left and the right already accept this thesis. The supporters of the Atlantic alliance believe that Europe cannot defend itself against the Soviet Union; therefore, whether it likes it or not, it must depend on U.S. power. To the pro-Soviet European Communists, whose ranks, outside of France, have dwindled in the wake of the Polish crackdown, Europe's only hope for survival is an alliance with the East to resist American "imperialism." For Atlanticists and the pro-Russian left, then, Europe exists only as a historical memory. The activists in the European nuclear disarmament movement ask if there is not a third way.

There once was. Many intellectuals who had served in the French and Italian resistance movements during World War II, and a surprising number in Germany as well, sought a new political formula for the postwar world. Nonalignment was especially popular among French intellectuals, but the onset of the cold war split the ranks of those who had been comrades in arms in the struggle against the Nazis. "It appears that we must choose," Albert Camus wrote in 1947. Some, like Raymond Aron and Albert Ollivier, chose Charles de Gaulle. Others, like Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, attempted to form a nonaligned movement called the Rassemblement Democratique et Revolutionnaire. Its collapse in 1949—"a bitter blow," wrote Sartre, a "new and definitive

(Continued on Page 241)

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

IRANIAN BAHAIS

N.E. Vienna, Va.

Mansour Farhang writes in his article on Iran ["Khomeini's Reign of Terror," *The Nation*, Jan. 30] that "human liberation in one part of the world is ultimately inseparable from liberation in other parts." Farhang's interview on *The MacNeil-Lehrer Report* three years ago gave the impression that he did not believe in liberation for Bahais. Has he changed his mind? Has he the courage to denounce the persecution of the Bahais in Iran, including the recent execution of the members of the Bahai National Assembly and the Bahai assembly of Teheran? Does he advocate amending the Iranian Constitution so that it protects Bahais as well as Moslems, Christians, Jews and Zoroastrians? Does he believe that Bahais should be left in peace and given freedom like everyone else? If Farhang fails to respond, many of us will know what to think about the fine words of his article. *John Huddleston*

FARHANG REPLIES

Princeton, N.J.

I have never made an extensive study of the treatment of Bahais in Iran, nor have I written about it. My unfortunately phrased remarks to which Huddleston alludes have been interpreted to mean something other than what I believe. The execution of more than 4,000 Iranians during the past seven months demonstrates beyond doubt that Khomeini has set out to eliminate anyone he arbitrarily defines as a threat to his rule. Among the victims of this shocking assault, the Iranian Bahais are the only people whose persecution, which includes confiscation and destruction of property, as well as summary arrests and executions, is motivated solely by fascistic aggression without any provocation whatsoever. For the Bahais in Iran pose no threat at all to the regime.

The truth is that not only have the Bahais been persecuted for more than a century but they have also been the most vulnerable of all the religious minorities in the country. This has been the case regardless of what ideological or political orientation happens to be in power.

Shaykh Mohammed Taghi Falsafi, an anti-Bahai preacher and a passionate supporter of the 1953 coup, is currently one of Khomeini's favorite mullahs and a very important person in his ruling circles. Furthermore, the present government in Iran is heavily influenced by Anjoman-e Hojjati'yeh, an anti-Bahai organization that was founded in the mid-1950s. Even though Anjoman-e Hojjati'yeh never took part in prerevolutionary opposition politics, after the revolutionary victory of 1979, its members joined the elements that formed the Islamic Republican Party. President Said-Ali Khamenei and Foreign Minister Ali-Akbar Valayati have been active in Anjoman-e Hojjati'yeh for years.

Since the early months of the revolutionary victory and particularly since the forced resignation of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan in November 1979, the Khomeini regime, just like the Shah's regime during the 1955-56 period of state-led persecution of the Bahais, has increasingly repressed its progressive political opponents and used the Bahais as scapegoats. However, there is no comparison between the brutality inflicted on dissidents and Bahais in 1955-56 and the present period. Khomeini is far more brutal than the Shah ever was.

The Bahais and other religious minorities in Iran are not, as in the past, merely faced with intolerance and opportunistic exploitation of their vulnerability. They are, rather, confronted with a fascist totalitarian system whose ideology rejects diversity and coexistence. No protection could be gained by amending the Constitution, a fascist document that should be abolished rather than altered. Therefore, the struggle for religious freedom in Iran is inseparable from the struggle for the complete destruction of the regime itself. And it is imperative that the crimes and the repressive policies of the regime be exposed as widely as possible. Such a campaign should make a special effort to reach the Islamic world and focus on the violation of the human and democratic rights of *all* Iranians.

Mansour Farhang

FEMINISTS AND PLATH

New York City

I am disappointed that Katha Pollitt, in her otherwise thoughtful and judicious consideration, and deserved celebration, of Sylvia Plath's *Collected Poems* ["A Note of Triumph," *The Nation*, Jan. 16] should have chosen to joust, however glancingly, with a homemade scarecrow called "the feminists."

There is no feminist party line on Plath, on motherhood or on any other issue, except the full participation of women in human endeavors. Pollitt writes that ". . . the feminists, too, will have to come to terms with the tenderness and purity of Plath's maternal feelings. . . ." I don't see what "coming to terms" is necessary. The redemption of motherhood as valid adult experience and valid subject matter for poetry and fiction has long been a primary feminist concern, reflected in the work of Audre Lorde, Susan Griffin, Alta, Alice Walker, Marie Ponsot, Robin Morgan, Sharon Olds and myself, to name just a few self-identified feminists who have written as mothers. Although if Plath's "maternal feelings" as evinced in her work were limited to "tenderness and purity," we would be dealing with a very different and less important poet. It is precisely the complexity of observation and insight, the by-no-means pure emotional depth, of Plath's poems on mothering and on her children, that make them of more than sentimental value to readers, feminists included.

I know of no feminist *critic* who thinks, or would "like to think," that Plath was unknown at the time of her death. And I wonder how Pollitt knows what "many feminists would like to think." Even critics who are not feminists have noted that Plath's career, though not her work, was subsumed by that of Ted Hughes during their marriage.

I have the impression that Pollitt, in an effort to be balanced and fair, felt obliged to take feminist critics to task because she had so aptly pointed out those male critics who diminish or sensationalize Plath's achievement because of her gender. But if Pollitt had seen fit to quote specific feminist critics, as she quotes Alvarez, Steiner, Spender, Howe et al., I might know at whom her rebuttal was directed; and a reader not familiar with feminist writing would not get the impression such writing was done by a Central Committee. *Marilyn Hacker*

POLLITT REPLIES

New York City

Good point. *Katha Pollitt*

TASSAWAYS NOT RECOMMENDED

Washington, D.C.

The article on tampons [Kathleen A. Wanda, "Tampons Can Be Harmful to Health," Jan. 2-9] was well done, and we are happy to see *The Nation* publicize this very important issue. However, there was one misstatement, which we ask you to correct.

Woman Health International did not "recommend" Tassaways as an alternative to tampons (we do not recommend any specific product or device) but merely reported what several doctors had said about it.

What W.H.I. does recommend, first of all, is that all tampon boxes have warning labels on them to advise women of the danger of toxic shock syndrome. Other recommendations are:

(*1*) Further labeling that would list fibers and additives present in tampons, and medical contraindications.

(*2*) Immediate removal of superabsorbent additives, deodorants and any known toxic substance from tampons.

(*3*) A research program to develop a safe, effective tampon or substitute device and a parallel investigation of the synergistic long-term effects of exposure to chemicals and fibers that have been used in tampons for more than forty-seven years.

Charlotte Oram
Information Director, W.H.I.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 234, Number 8

LETTERS
226

EDITORIALS
225 Laughter in the Dark
227 What Massacre?
228 Atom Eschatology
229 Option-Dropping

ARTICLES
225 The E.N.D. Movement: Europe in Search of Autonomy — *Alan Wolfe*
229 Poland and Other Questions: Communism and the Left — *Susan Sontag*

Drawings by Frances Jetter

231 Comments — *Philip Green, Diana Trilling, Aryeh Neier, Daniel Singer, Andrew Kopkind, David Hollinger, Philip Pochoda, Christopher Hitchens*
237 Reply — *Susan Sontag*
238 Salvadoran Elections: Ballots Won't Stop the Bullets — *Cynthia Brown*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
245 Barrett: The Truants: Adventures Among the Intellectuals — *Mark Shechner*
247 Walcott: The Fortunate Traveller — *Mary Kinzie*
249 Book Notes
250 Theater — *Richard Gilman*
251 Films — *Robert Hatch*

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editor,* Kai Bird; *Assistant Editor,* Amy Wilentz (on leave); *Visiting Editor,* John S. Rosenberg; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Elena Brunet; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Editor,* Janet Gold; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Barbara Dudley Davis, Judith Long; *Editorial Assistant,* Eric Etheridge; *Editorial Aide,* David Corn; *Editorial Secretary,* Ola Lyon; *Interns,* Greg Baum, Kate Browne, Virginia Cannon, Margaret Cusack, Karl Johnson, Carolyn Kelley, Vandana Mathur, Peter Meyer, Cathy Pawlowski.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Music,* David Hamilton; *White House Correspondent,* Robert Sherrill. *Correspondents: Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*), Elizabeth Farnsworth & Stephen Talbot (*Dispatches*). *Contributing Editors,* Blair Clark, Christopher Hitchens, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish III

Advertising Manager, Carole Kraemer; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Assistant to Publisher,* Laurie Lipper; *Circulation Manager,* Stephen King; *Classified,* Deborah Kriger; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen; *Publishing Consultant,* Jack Berkowitz.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the firs. week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1982 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $30; two years, $50; six months, $15. Add $5 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. **Please allow 5-7 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation,* Subscription Services, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

EDITORIALS.

What Massacre?

Once again, those who bring us the bad news about a war are under attack. On February 10, in an unusually long editorial, *The Wall Street Journal* took Raymond Bonner of *The New York Times* to task for reporting a massacre in El Salvador. Bonner's story and a similar one by Alma Guillermoprieto in *The Washington Post*, which appeared the same day that Bonner's did, were also attacked editorially in *The New Republic* a week later. According to *The New Republic*, the appearance of the stories on the eve of Congressional hearings on El Salvador was a "carefully timed and executed . . . major publicity coup" for the left, which "got front-page coverage in stories portraying the guerrillas as noble savages and the Salvadoran army as mere assassins."

These editorial attacks on *The Times* and *The Post* raised a factual question: Were the reports of a massacre grossly exaggerated? Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas Enders implied that they were in his testimony on February 1 before a Senate subcommittee and before a House subcommittee the next day. The reports that 926 people were killed in the village of Mozote could not be true, Enders told Congress, because no more than 300 people lived in the village before it was attacked by Salvadoran government troops in mid-December. Like the stories by Bonner and Guillermoprieto that he purported to rebut, Enders's testimony was given front-page coverage in *The Times* and *The Post*.

It is not easy, of course, for anyone following these matters from an editorial office at *The Journal* or *The New Republic* to figure out whom to believe about how many people were killed in a mountainous region of El Salvador near the Honduran border. That didn't deter *The Journal* and *The New Republic* from choosing sides, however. Bon-

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED
FEB 22 1982

ner, according to *The Journal*, was "overly credulous," and his style was one "that grew out of Vietnam—in which Communist sources were given greater credence than either the U.S. government or the government it was supporting." *The New Republic* said, "We share the Administration's skepticism of the numbers . . . because the village seems never to have had a population exceeding 300."

What is troubling about this is not that it shows supporters of U.S. policy in El Salvador choosing to believe versions of events that suit their predilections. That is too commonplace a phenomenon to be worthy of note. It is, rather, that their faith in the more convenient version is so great that they rush to impugn those presenting a different version without even bothering to determine how it differs.

Let us look at the two stories more closely than the editors of *The Journal* and *The New Republic* seem to have done. Bonner wrote that it was plain that a massacre had taken place because he "saw the charred skulls and bones of dozens of bodies buried under burned-out roofs, beams and shattered tiles" and that at the edge of a cornfield he saw "the remains of 14 young men, women and children." He connected these killings with accounts that appeared in Salvadoran newspapers of "a sweep through Mozote *and the surrounding mountain villages*" (emphasis added) by Salvadoran government soldiers. Here is what Bonner wrote about the number of people killed:

> The villagers have compiled a list of the names, ages and villages of 733 peasants, mostly children, women and old people, who they say were murdered by the Government soldiers. The Human Rights Commission of El Salvador, which works with the Roman Catholic Church, puts the number at 926.
>
> A spokesman for the Salvadoran armed forces, Col. Alfonso Cotto, called the reports about "hundreds of civilians" being killed by Government soldiers "totally false." Those reports were fabricated by "subversives," he said.
>
> It is not possible for an observer who was not present at the time of the massacre to determine independently how many people died or who killed them.

For anyone who may have missed the point that the massacre involved several villages, Bonner makes it clear a few paragraphs later by reporting that on the list of names he saw, 482 people were alleged to have been killed in Mozote. He goes on to discuss allegations of killings in three nearby villages, Capilla, Cerro Pando and La Joya—all part of the same massacre.

Guillermoprieto's story does not mention the list of names nor the figures of the Human Rights Commission. She says only that survivors reported that "several hundred civilians" were killed in what she carefully refers to as "the alleged massacre." Like Bonner, Guillermoprieto reports what she saw with her own eyes—"dozens of decomposing bodies." Her story quotes a survivor as estimating that "about 500 of us in all" lived in Mozote, and she refers to another village that was involved in the massacre, Arambala. The reports circulated by the Salvadoran Human Rights Commission—which reached the United States more than a month before the Bonner and Guillermoprieto stories appeared—said that the villages of Meanguera, Posa Honda, Torriles, La Jitas and Soledad were also all involved in the massacre.

A discrepancy remains, of course, between Enders's figures and those supplied to Bonner and Guillermoprieto. (Reference institutions like the Library of Congress were not able to ascertain the population of Mozote.) In their stories, neither Bonner nor Guillermoprieto accepted all that was told to them. Rather, they reported what they saw and the various allegations and denials. Perhaps some of the allegations were false or, perhaps, the denials were untrue. Either way, however, Bonner and Guillermoprieto have given us responsible journalism. The same cannot be said for *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New Republic*.

Atom Eschatology

A number of thoughts are prompted by the remarkable series of articles on the nuclear peril by Jonathan Schell, which appeared in *The New Yorker*'s issues of February 1, 8 and 15 under the title "Reflections: The Fate of the Earth." One of them is that prevention of nuclear war is too important an issue to be a monopoly of the left, as it now apparently is. The transcendent danger calls for "a common political endeavor, reaching across national boundaries," Schell writes, and to this we might add ideological boundaries as well. The aim of such a movement would be "to hold the gates of life open to the future generations," and it must "hold its gates open to every living person."

If the subject of Schell's articles causes a gate in your own mind to click shut as you think, "Yes, I've heard it all before," you should make a point to read them. Our bone-deep numbness—whether out of jadedness or indifference—to the possibility of the extinction of all human life on this planet is precisely what Schell is passionately crying out against. "At present," he writes, "most of us do nothing. . . . We take refuge in the hope that the holocaust won't happen, and we turn back to our individual concerns. We deny the truth that is all around us." Just as we cannot be witnesses to our own deaths (though we imagine we can, as Freud pointed out), we cannot be witnesses to the final doom—a nuclear war that could blot out human life.

Living under the shadow of total extinction is an unprecedented state for man on earth—a curse from science, which began so optimistically in the heady days of the nineteenth century, then acquired a mindless volition of its own, spawning a philosophic determinism that led to despair and nihilism. Twentieth-century human folly has made science's promises a lie. Now nihilism offers us its bitter draught; if man is unredeemable and his works are vanity, the means of extinction are at hand.

Most of us do not chart our lives by such a black star, but mankind does—so long as it remains silent and allows the weapons of its destruction to exist. As Schell writes: "If we numbly refuse to acknowledge the nearness of extinction, all the while increasing our preparations to bring it about—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then we in effect become the allies of death. . . . " So "we must rebel against extinction," because "by rebelling against it, we can indirectly make it visible."

A new nuclear eschatology is emerging that seeks to make the unwitnessable extinction visible. Schell's articles are only the latest in a number of remarkable statements in the past year or so that have dropped like stones on the still surface of our apathy. Nigel Calder's book *Nuclear Nightmares*, George Kennan's speech calling for a voluntary reduction in nuclear armaments and the articles by E. P. Thompson and Roy and Zhores Medvedev in *The Nation* are flowers of hope plucked from the current danger—as is the resurgence of the European nuclear disarmament movement, which is the subject of Alan Wolfe's article in this week's issue. The antinuclear movement in Europe is more than a political protest; it is a protest for life. This is a cause that can enlist realist and idealist alike. For we have a common stake in the endeavor of life, without which all our various interests, creeds and causes are meaningless. As Schell writes, "The purpose of action is not to replace life with politics. The point is not to turn life into a scene of protest; life is the point."

Option-Dropping

Alexander Haig isn't saying that the United States will send combat troops to El Salvador. When asked what he means when he pledges to do "whatever is necessary" to keep the Salvadoran government in power, he replies, "We are considering a whole range of options" or "We have not ruled anything out." The Secretary of State usually couples these statements with a succinct lecture on why prudent diplomats should never foreclose any possible course of action.

One difficulty with such statements is that they produce an effect that is precisely the opposite of what the Secretary intends. Rather than keeping U.S. options open, they limit them. By constantly suggesting that the United States may send combat troops, he is building up pressure on the Administration to do just that. Having long ago made clear that he views El Salvador as a place where American resolve is being tested, he is making it impossible for the Administration not to send troops if the Salvadoran government appears to be falling.

How do we get out of this fix? It won't be easy, but the route seems to lie through Congress. Hearings now under way in the Senate and the House on the President's recent certification that the government of El Salvador is making a significant effort to protect human rights are becoming a forum in which U.S. policy toward that country is being questioned. These hearings are revealing to many members of Congress that President José Napoleón Duarte, the moderate in whom they placed such high hopes, is now nothing more than a public relations front man for the gang of murderers in the Salvadoran military. Each time Haig's deputies testify before Congress, they discredit themselves and the Administration's policy by trying to cover up or explain away abuses of human rights. What remains in doubt is whether Congress will build up enough pressure on itself to restrain intervention before the Secretary of State builds up enough pressure on the Administration to send in troops.

ARTICLES.

■ POLAND AND OTHER QUESTIONS

Communism and The Left

On the evening of February 6 at Town Hall in New York City, various elements of the American left (spanning Gore Vidal and PATCO and including E. L. Doctorow, Kurt Vonnegut and Pete Seeger) came together to show support for Solidarity in Poland and to condemn the martial law regime in Warsaw. The secondary purpose of the meeting was, however, to transcend the hand-wringing platitudes of the Reagan Administration and to create some distance between radical Americans and the evident hypocrisy of "Let Poland Be Poland." This duality was most eloquently expressed by Carlos Fuentes, who sent a long message culminating in the admonition: "Let Poland be Poland—yes. But let El Salvador be El Salvador."

This broad consensus was abruptly—some have said rudely—disturbed by a speech by Susan Sontag. With her permission, we reprint her version of the speech so that readers can form their own opinions of it. But those attending the meeting, as well as the Soho News, *which reprinted the speech without obtaining the author's permission, agree that she also said the following:*

> *Imagine, if you will, someone who read only the* Reader's Digest *between 1950 and 1970, and someone in the same period who read only* The Nation *or the* New Statesman. *Which reader would have been better informed about the realities of Communism? The answer, I think, should give us pause. Can it be that our enemies were right?*

Unlike the Reader's Digest, *we are happy to enter the lists about this or any other period of modern history (even periods of history that took place before Sontag was born, and that are thus not covered by her own personal experience and confessional). We also welcome the spirit in which she challenged the left to examine its own record. If the comments beginning on page 231 are any indication, there are few takers for the equation she makes between Communism and fascism, however these overworked terms are defined. But the left should not make the mistake of attacking Russian despotism purely for the sake of symmetry.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The issue of "double standards" is an exceptionally difficult one. Our contributors take up the challenge, both implied and overt.

—The Editors

SUSAN SONTAG

We meet here tonight to express our solidarity with the people of Poland, now languishing under the brutal oppression of what one can only call—if that word has any meaning—a fascist regime. To protest the infamy of the Jaruzelski junta is not a difficult position to take. No sentiment could be more mainstream. "Solidarity with Poland, solidarity with Solidarity" is a call launched by dozens of governments in the rich world, a call that has resounded in public meetings held since mid-December in every major city in Western Europe and a few in North America. It is legitimate to ask: What is the point of our meeting? To add our voice to the chorus of indignation? I do not offer this hypothesis with irony. That may be indeed just what we are doing—and quite rightly so. But it is my understanding that those who have organized tonight's meeting, and most of those who are speaking here, have a somewhat different purpose. It is, of course, to express our condemnation of the crushing of the democratic movement in Poland. But it is also to distinguish ourselves from others in the chorus of virtuous indignation, to stake out a different kind of support for Poland than that tendered by, say, Reagan and Haig and Thatcher.

With this purpose I am wholly in agreement. Otherwise I would not be speaking here. One of the many excellent reasons for detesting the Reagan Administration is the utter hypocrisy of its support for the Polish democratic movement. Being a citizen of this country, I cannot help but single out Reagan—Reagan the union-buster, Reagan the puppet master of the butchers in El Salvador. But it is worth remembering that the entire economic and political leadership of capitalist Europe and North America bears great responsibility for what has happened in Poland. Poland was not just done in by a fascist coup engineered by the Soviet Union—using Russian-authorized tanks with Polish rather than Russian markings. Banks and tanks did Poland in, to use my friend Joseph Brodsky's formulation. The Polish debt continues to be refinanced by the Western governments, grain continues to be sold to the Soviet government, the French government—most eloquent of all the hypocrites—signs a vital commercial treaty with the Soviet government a few weeks after the Polish events. In other words, business continues as usual. Landing rights may be denied to Aeroflot and Lot at Kennedy Airport, tourism opportunities for Polish diplomats stationed here may be restricted, cultural exchanges may be pared . . . That is the kind of retaliating the Western democracies are prepared to make for the enslavement of Poland. That . . . and a lot of rhetoric.

We tonight are adding our rhetoric to the avalanche of good words about Poland—but, as I say, in the hope of distinguishing our position from the official hypocrisies. I would also hope, however, that we do not let our sense of whom we oppose on our side of the frontier between capitalism and Communism lead *us* into certain hypocrisies and untruths.

I have the impression that much of what is said about politics by people on the so-called democratic left—which includes many people here tonight—has been governed by the wish not to give comfort to "reactionary" forces. With that consideration in mind, people on the left have willingly or unwittingly told a lot of lies. We were unwilling to identify ourselves as anti-Communists because that was the slogan of the right, the ideology of the cold war and, in particular, the justification of America's support of fascist dictatorships in Latin America and of the American war on Vietnam. (The story, of course, starts much earlier, in Europe in the late 1920s, with the rise of fascism, whose principal war cry was anti-Communism.) The anti-Communist position seems already taken care of by those we oppose at home.

I want to challenge this view.

There are many lessons to be learned from the Polish events. But, I would maintain, the principal lesson to be learned is the lesson of the failure of Communism, the utter villainy of the Communist system. It has been a hard lesson to learn. And I am struck by how long it has taken us to learn it. I say we—and of course I include myself. I can remember reading a chapter of Czeslaw Milosz's *The Captive Mind* in *Partisan Review*. When it came out in 1953, I bought the book—a passionate account of the dishonesty and coerciveness of intellectual and cultural life in Poland in the first years of Communism, which troubled me but which I also regarded as an instrument of cold war propaganda, giving aid and comfort to McCarthyism. I put it on my student's bookshelf. Still a student (though an unofficial one) twenty-seven years later, in 1980, on the eve of my first visit to Poland, I took down my old copy of *The Captive Mind* from the shelf, re-read it (for the first time) and thought, and thought only: But it's all true. And in Poland, I was to learn that Milosz had, if anything, underestimated the disgrace of the Communist regime installed by force in his country.

I have asked myself many times in the past six years or so how it was possible that I could have been so suspicious of what Milosz and other exiles from Communist countries—and those in the West known bitterly as "premature anti-Communists"—were telling us. Why did we not have a place for, ears for, their truth? The answers are well known. We had identified the enemy as fascism. We heard the demonic language of fascism. We believed in, or at least applied a double standard to, the angelic language of Communism. *Now* we take another line. *Now* it seems easy to do so. But for many decades, when horrors exactly like, no, far

Susan Sontag has written many books of fiction and nonfiction, and directed three films. Her most recent books are I, etcetera, *a collection of stories, and* Under the Sign of Saturn, *a collection of essays (Farrar Straus & Giroux).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worse than, the horrors now taking place in Poland took place, we did not meet to protest and express our indignation, as we are doing tonight. We were so sure who our enemies were (among them, the professional anti-Communists), so sure who were the virtuous and who the benighted. But I am struck by the fact that, despite the rightness of many of our views and aspirations, in particular our sense of the madness of a nuclear war between the superpowers and our hopes for reforms of the many injustices of our own system, we were not responding to a large truth. And we were countenancing a great deal of untruth.

The émigrés from Communist countries we didn't listen to, who found it far easier to get published in the *Reader's Digest* than in *The Nation* or the *New Statesman*, were telling the truth. Now we hear them. Why didn't we hear them before, when they were telling us exactly what they tell us now? We thought we loved justice; many of us did. But we did not love the truth enough. Which is to say that our priorities were wrong. The result was that many of us, and I include myself, did not understand the nature of the Communist tyranny. We tried to distinguish *among* Communisms—for example, treating "Stalinism," which we disavowed, as if it were an aberration, and praising other regimes, outside of Europe, which had and have essentially the same character.

At the beginning I called the brutal oppression under which the people of Poland are languishing "fascist." This is true in the sense that all the normal pretenses of Communist ideology have been abandoned. The methods and even the language are those of fascism: the demand for "normalization" and "order," the re-legitimizing of anti-Semitism, military rule presented in the guise of a "Committee for National Salvation." The similarities between the Polish military junta and the right-wing dictatorships in Chile, Argentina and other South American countries are obvious. Indeed, future fascist coups d'état will certainly imitate the Polish coup. No despot had ever thought of turning off the phones for an indefinite period, of forbidding the sale of gasoline to all private cars, of stopping the sale of rucksacks and of writing paper, Draconian measures that are not for twenty-four hours but, simply, a new way of life. For the imposition of martial law on December 13 has resulted in a perfect stalemate. It is, plainly, unlivable. And yet, despite the early promises of the government, it cannot be lifted. The present government has not only adopted the standards of fascist rule; it has offered fascist rule a whole arsenal of new techniques.

All this is obvious, or almost, when one uses the word "fascist" to describe the present Polish government. But I mean to use the word in a further sense. What the recent Polish events illustrate is something more than that fascist rule is possible within the framework of a Communist society, whereas democratic government and worker self-rule are clearly intolerable—and will not be tolerated. I would contend that what they illustrate is a truth that we should have understood a very long time ago: that Communism *is* fascism—successful fascism, if you will. What we have called fascism is, rather, the form of tyranny that can be overthrown—that has, largely, failed. I repeat: not only is fascism (and overt military rule) the probable destiny of all Communist societies—especially when their populations are moved to revolt—but Communism is in itself a variant, the most successful variant, of fascism. Fascism with a human face.

This, I would argue, must be the starting point of all the lessons to be learned from the ongoing Polish events. And in our efforts to criticize and reform our own societies, we owe it to those in the front line of struggle against tyranny to tell the truth, without bending it to serve interests we deem are just. These hard truths mean abandoning many of the complacencies of the left, mean challenging what we have meant for many years by "radical" and "progressive." The stimulus to rethink our position, and to abandon old and corrupt rhetoric, may not be the least of what we owe to the heroic Poles, and may be the best way for us to express solidarity with them. □

Comments

PHILIP GREEN

There are three main points in the part of Susan Sontag's remarks that constitute her *nostra culpa*. One is partially reasonable, one superficially plausible but in the end quite wrong and the third ridiculous.

Yes, many on the non-Communist left in this country, including contributors to *The Nation*, have often been too hopefully equivocal about Communism; the resulting double standard has done serious damage to the left's reputation and thus to its fortunes as well. But that is no excuse for burying the entire left under that dishonest rubric "we." As a democratic leftist, for example, I decline Sontag's invitation to jump aboard the bandwagon of guilt. My anger at the suppression of liberty in Poland is no more nor less than it was at the invasions of Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Most of my friends felt the same way that I did then and now, and we never hesitated to speak out.

But, yes, no matter how anti-Communist we were, part of our anger and desolation certainly sprang from a feeling of betrayed hope—hope that out of Communism something much better might emerge. Is it now proven that we have been wrong to be at all hopeful?

On the contrary, most of us also think that the nature of the Eastern European rebellions is precisely what has illuminated a crucial difference between Communism and fascism. The neofascist regimes that Jeane Kirkpatrick is so fond of have been much less successful than Communist regimes at producing revolts of an organized, democratic working class aimed at the creation of economic democracy. These regimes (e.g., Chile's and Argentina's) are built around the violent suppression of organized labor. In Com-

Philip Green is a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board and author of* Pursuit of Inequality *(Pantheon).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

munist Eastern Europe, on the other hand, the hypocritical Marxism of the ruling elites is an unremitting provocation, in constant danger of being taken seriously by the people. Thus, those regimes have generated three exhilaratingly promising revolts in twenty-five years, none of which was anti-socialist and all of which attempted a welding of Marxism and liberal democracy. These revolts were also *successful* in their own (and our) terms, in the sense that they could only be crushed by direct Soviet intervention or indirect Soviet threats—not by an allegedly "totalitarian" regime forever impervious to change. The very title of Czeslaw Milosz's book thus betrays the untruth of Sontag's use of it. Communism does *not* produce "captive minds" any more than does fascism, and these days quite possibly less. It often produces democratic socialist rebels.

There's a further crucial distinction that follows from this. It can be put simply: as a democratic leftist, I have benefited from both the critical and the reconstructive analyses of many ex-Communists. I've never encountered either by an "ex-fascist." Fascists or their *caudillo*-style imitators totally reject the democratic world view. Communists allege that they embrace it and then horrendously betray it. Over the years, many of them discover what they've done and begin the painful process of change. They become democrats, often in the name of "authentic Marxism." Can we imagine a fascist becoming a democrat in the name of "authentic Hitlerism" or "authentic National Socialism"? Thus, though the antidemocratic triumphs of what Rudolph Bahro calls "really existing socialism" are the only triumphs that have so far occurred in the name of socialism, democratic socialism remains on the agenda—and more so rather than less so because of Poland! It would be otiose even to state that the obverse is true with fascism.

Finally, I don't know which émigrés Sontag could find only in the antidemocratic *Reader's Digest*. I do know, though, that she could have learned many other "truths" from that magazine, such as that "International Communism," China not excepted, is a monolithic conspiracy directed from Moscow; that she herself was not an opponent of the Vietnam War but rather an agent of the Kremlin; and all the other formulations of the "professional anti-Communists." At least the émigrés and dissidents *The Nation* has published over the years, and whose books it has reviewed frequently and often favorably, are democrats. Contrarily, American or Russian, the right is anti-democratic. Its truths, such as they are, are always encapsulated in a larger lie. If Susan Sontag really needed to learn from the right, that was her problem, not ours. □

DIANA TRILLING

In 1950, writing about the Hiss case in *Partisan Review*—this was before the McCarthy period, with its epochal division between anti-Communists and anti-anti-Communists—I asked whether anyone was prepared to say when it was too late to come to an understanding of the true nature of Communism. It was plain, I think, that I believed that it was never too late.

The flurry over Susan Sontag's recent remarks about Communism in Poland indicates that today, more than thirty years later, with Hungary and Czechoslovakia behind us, with the Twentieth Party Congress behind us, with the Cultural Revolution and the "boat people" and Laos and Cambodia behind us, with Daniel and Sinyavsky and Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov behind us, with Afghanistan behind us, it is still a major shock to hear of an important defection from the ranks of intellectual sympathizers with Communism. It apparently still constitutes an act of moral courage to see and admit the obvious.

In obedience to my own instruction, I welcome Miss Sontag into her new difficult life as an anti-Communist. I must nevertheless admit that I should feel more secure about her future political course if her language rang fewer bells from the Stalinist past. Miss Sontag (mistakenly) calls Communism a variant of fascism; we recollect that Stalinism called democratic socialism a variant of fascism. Miss Sontag accuses Communism of having borrowed much of its virtue from its opposition to fascism; her own statement rests heavily on antifascism to validate her anti-Communism. Reductively, Miss Sontag speaks of "professional anti-Communists" without telling us how they are to be distinguished from the amateurs; just so, Stalinism presented anti-Communism as one of our better-paid lines of work.

Especially when she writes about Reagan, Miss Sontag allows the weary rhetoric of Communist invective to substitute for political truth. She calls Reagan a hypocrite in his foreign policy. Reagan is no more a hypocrite in his foreign policy than in his domestic concern for the rich. Indeed, I've never known a President more dismayingly sincere in his purposes.

No, it is not the "when" of Miss Sontag's recognition of the evils of Communism that bothers me. It is the "how." □

ARYEH NEIER

Like Susan Sontag, I read Czeslaw Milosz's *The Captive Mind* in the 1950s. My reaction was different. Milosz seemed to me then to be telling the truth about Communism. I don't recall a time when I had a different view of Communism.

There have been many times since the 1950s when I have been angry at friends and colleagues on the left who have seemed willfully to ignore or to try to explain away Communist tyranny. That anger has been tempered, however, by the awareness that mainstream American anti-Communists have given anti-Communism a terrible name. I find it uncomfortable to associate with their anti-Communism, and while this has not deterred me from frequently and vehemently expressing my own anti-Communist views, it has forced me to exercise care about when and where I do so. I have expressed these views in the pages of this magazine, but I would not care to in the *Reader's Digest*.

Diana Trilling is the author of Mrs. Harris: The Death of the Scarsdale Diet Doctor *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).*

Aryeh Neier is a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Veteran Washington reporter
Richard Strout says:

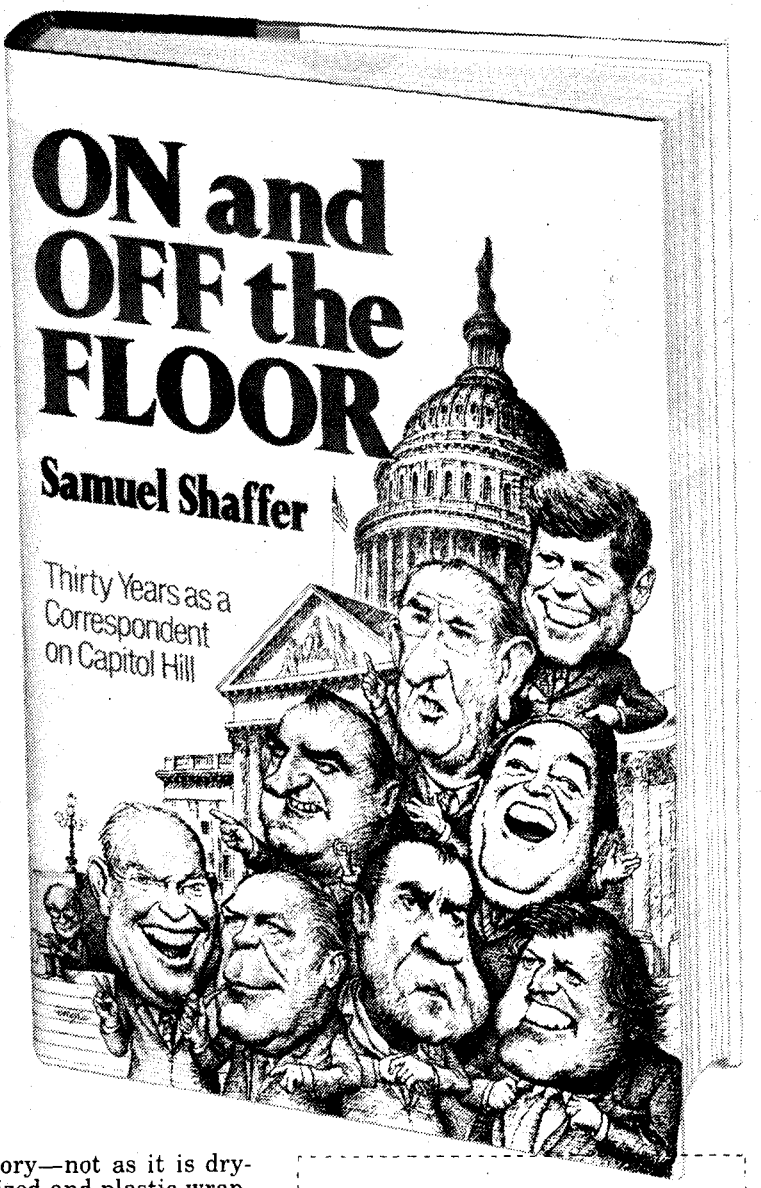
"When big events happened, Sam Shaffer was either in the room, outside the door, or under the rug."

For the past 30 years as Newsweek's Congressional Correspondent, Samuel Shaffer reported everything he witnessed on Capitol Hill.

Well... almost everything.

Now retired and free from the fetters of deadlines, Sam Shaffer has written a book that *really* tells it all. A book that takes you inside the *other* Congress... the Congress of *men* rather than statesmen... the Congress you *didn't* learn about in school.

ON AND OFF THE FLOOR,
by Samuel Shaffer, is $8.95 at your favorite bookstore, or use the coupon to order your copy today. Credit card holders may order direct by calling toll-free 800-247-2160.



Here's what they're saying on Capitol Hill about this truly remarkable book:

Former President Gerald Ford says:
"Sam Shaffer draws with words and intimate pictures of the best and worst in our politicians and political system."

Rep. John B. Anderson says:
"A gem of a book. Shaffer succeeds in the not easy task of bringing Congress to life!"

Sen. Mark Hatfield says:
"The heroic sidelights and diabolical intrigues which Mr. Shaffer uncovers make compelling reading."

NBC's John Chancellor says:
"I was delighted to learn, at last, what Lyndon Johnson REALLY said about Jerry Ford's ability to walk and chew gum at the same time."

CBS's George Herman says:
"I'm sorry Sam's gone public. There are a few enough secret resources left to the harried reporter!"

ABC's Bob Clark says:
"This is a book for political voyeurs who can't resist peeping through keyholes and for anybody who wants to know how Congress really works."

Sen. William Proxmire says:
"Sam wrote the book we all wish we'd written."

Here is history—not as it is dry-cleaned, sanitized and plastic-wrapped for the textbooks—but alive and breathing as it *actually* happened behind the scenes.

How Sen. Joseph McCarthy stumbled accidently on the notorious "list of names" that propelled him into the national limelight.

How a conversation overheard in a telephone booth destroyed one of the most brilliant members of the Supreme Court.

How one of the most able minds in the history of Congress was denied a chance at the Presidency because of an accident of birth.

Here, too, is a close look at the giants of Congress who shaped the nation in which we live. Humphrey, Johnson, Dirksen, Goldwater, McCormack, Mansfield, Russell, Taft, Scott, Ervin, Fulbright, Morse, Nixon, the Kennedys.

This fascinating memoir portrays the denizens of Capitol Hill in sharp, clear focus; sometimes poignant, sometimes petty, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes inspiring—but *always* human. In short, it's a rare glimpse of the men and women who govern our nation... behind the cloakroom door.

To: NEWSWEEK BOOKS
On and Off the Floor
444 Madison Avenue,
New York, NY 10022

Please rush me _____ copies of ON AND OFF THE FLOOR at $8.95 per copy. If not delighted, I may return the book(s) in 10 days for a full refund.

☐ Check or money order enclosed
Charge the following Credit Card:
☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge
☐ Diner's Club ☐ VISA

Card No. _____

Expiration Date _____

(If Master Charge, the 4-digit Interbank No. is) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
(needed if you use credit card)

(Please allow 4-8 weeks for delivery)

FLNA82

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Sontag is well aware, mainstream anti-Communism is not concerned with promoting liberty. Far from it. Rather, it has been a pretext for suppressing liberty at home through loyalty investigations, political purges, surveillance and dirty tricks, and for doing worse abroad through the bombardment of Vietnam and Cambodia, the "destabilization" of Chile and the arming of murderers in El Salvador. The atrocities committed by anti-Communists do not mitigate in the slightest the evil of Communism. Nor do they excuse those among us who have been apologists for Communist oppression. But they do explain the reluctance of many on the left to shout "me too" when mainstream anti-Communists proclaim the evils of godless Communism.

The tragedy, of course, is that because mainstream anti-Communism is not really concerned with promoting liberty, it reacts tepidly to such assaults on liberty as the Jaruzelski regime's attempt to crush the freedom movement in Poland. Some mainstream anti-Communists may even be pleased that Communism has revealed its repressive character in Poland, since this exposes the hypocrisy of Communist denunciations of U.S. actions in El Salvador. By the same token, one guesses that General Jaruzelski and his friends in the Kremlin are glad that the United States is so compromised in El Salvador that it lacks the credibility to rally world opinion against martial law in Poland.

I applaud Sontag's effort to recapture anti-Communism from Reagan, Haig and Thatcher. As she knows very well, of course, this has been tried by others without notable success. Even so, the stakes are high enough to make it worth another try. □

DANIEL SINGER

I had crossed the ocean for nothing. Here I was back in Paris five years earlier, listening to the recantations, rhetoric and crude oversimplifications of the new philosophers. There was, however, a difference. The Parisian Columbuses discovering the gulag in the 1970s were unknowns requiring Madison Avenue methods to get into the limelight. Susan Sontag needs nothing of the kind to capture attention. But the following notes are not about Sontag the writer and critic, merely about the strange, or maybe not so strange, speaker with whom I shared a platform at the Solidarity meeting at Town Hall in New York City.

As a good *nouvelle philosophe*, Sontag used the tactics of collective guilt. We had turned a blind eye to Soviet inhumanity, she argued, addressing an audience of which part was too young to be accused of such sins, while another part had spent a great deal of its energy denouncing Soviet crimes in the name of socialism. Being myself the son of a *zek*, I gained no merit from knowing about Russia's concentration-camp universe. I am in the more comfortable position of assuring Sontag that the problem of fellow travelers is not as simple as it is now being painted by ex-Stalinists converted to the capitalist creed; assuring her too that it was most difficult for a socialist to remain critical and unattached during the years of the cold war. Today, fortunately, it is easier to proclaim a plague on both their houses, though she may no longer be interested. Having discovered the root of all evil in "Communism," she has, I fear, chosen her side.

In any case, she has assimilated the peculiar logic of Parisian turncoats. Because we were stupid, we are wise; because we were blind, we are seers; because twenty-seven years earlier she did not take the book of Czeslaw Milosz in earnest, Sontag is now entitled to preach about Poland and the nature of Communism. Not even a decent interval of modest silence? Converted sinners tend to show too much zeal. Her Parisian predecessors had chanted "Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Mao and Lin Piao," and then, just reversing the order and arguing in equally primitive fashion, they presented Marx as the founder of the gulag. Sontag has improved the device. Her whole speech was designed to hammer home the unexplained and unqualified message: "Communism is successful fascism."

Thus Brezhnev, Jaruzelski, Reagan and Sontag agree on at least one point, namely, that what is being built in the countries of "really existing socialism" is called Communism. They apparently also agree that there can be no other Communism than that. Sontag made it plain that she was not only referring to Stalinism old and new. Her other catchy definition, "fascism with a human face," was obviously meant for stubborn suckers like myself who refuse to swallow the cheap, fashionable equation between Marx and the barbed wire.

Yet let us be serious for a moment. Susan Sontag, as far as I know, does not come from a working-class family. If, on getting involved in politics, she chose the left rather than the right, it was, I suppose, because like so many of us, she had certain aspirations toward equality and social justice. She, too, must have dreamed of a classless society of equals, of immediate producers taking their destiny into their own hands, of the vanishing division of labor and the withering state. I did not hear the faintest echo of such preoccupations in her speech, and this was not because she was improvising in a fit of indignation over Poland. Hers was a carefully worded statement. Indeed, I was taken in by her adroit introduction and naïvely applauded as she claimed to be glad to speak at a meeting so different from Reagan's show. The meeting was different, but her speech was not. If I recollect it correctly, what followed the introduction could easily be printed in, say, *Commentary*. As she recited her written text, the title of an essay kept running through my mind: "Heretics and Renegades." Heretics, I still think, are the salt of the earth. □

ANDREW KOPKIND

I hope I'm not naming names or giving hostile witness when I recall the day Susan Sontag and I huddled in a Com-

Daniel Singer is a freelance writer born in Poland and based in Paris. He is the author of The Road to Gdansk *(Monthly Review Press).*

Andrew Kopkind is a freelance writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

munist/fascist air-raid shelter and waited for Freedom's fighters to pass out of danger overhead. Actually, they were Freedom's *bombers*—B-52s, or some such U.S. Air Force weapons system—and the bunker in which we hunkered was behind the Thong Nhat (Reunification) Hotel in downtown Hanoi. It was a few months after Tet, 1968, and as I remember it now, a good time, bad time, scoundrel time.

We had a busy schedule in war-torn North Vietnam, surveying the wreckage our country had caused, mingling with the populace and—Sontag's special assignment—interviewing American P.O.W.s. Two fragments of the conversations she and I had in all those weeks stand out in my memory. In the first, we marveled at the exhilarating spirit of common struggle and collective good will we encountered among the Vietnamese people. In the second, we quoted to each other a Talleyrand line that Bertolucci had used as an epigraph for his film *Before the Revolution*: "Those who did not live before the revolution can never know the sweetness of life." Sontag made mention of both those exchanges in her essay "Trip to Hanoi."

Surely a long parade of ironies has marched past us all since those days, but I hadn't realized how distracting it has been until I read the speech Sontag made at the Solidarity meeting. Between the Thong Nhat and Town Hall she seems to have forgotten that politics is history, not philosophy; that revolutions are responses to reality, not to theory; that the nature of all things is contradiction, not equilibrium. North Vietnam was, and is, a Communist state—proceeding (dialectically, dare I say the word?) in its development according to the forces and furies of the real world. Then, that society may have expressed more truth and justice (polarities Sontag proposes) than now, but perhaps less than it will in the future. And what about the truth and justice in Lyndon Johnson's democracy?

Yes, and no. The point is that it makes little sense to me to stop time and freeze place if there is still a vision of a human face. Sontag and I had a vision of a human visage thirteen years ago, and I knew then who the scoundrels were, and who the heroes. □

DAVID HOLLINGER

"I stretched out with an ice pack on my forehead when I heard that Susan Sontag had said we must tell the truth about the Communists. It was all over, then: the exciting life so long led by left-of-center intellectuals, we happy frauds. We'd have to go straight now. You know, pious homilies, a subscription to the Reader's Digest *and an open confession of guilt."*

This little fiction is an attempt to imagine what it might be like to take Susan Sontag seriously. I cannot carry the effort any further, because the issues that most animate Sontag are, to me, remote. Somehow, I had the impression that a critical attitude toward Communism had been "in" for some time, and that it was no longer necessary to affect a

David Hollinger is a professor of American history at the University of Michigan.

SPEND YOUR VACATION WITH THE NATION AND CRUISE UP THE VOLGA AUG. 5-21, 1982

Find out for yourself what's going on in the Soviet Union capital and heartland as you join *The Nation* this summer on an exciting, affordable Soviet excursion. Special Feature: Participate in nightly dialogues with leading Soviet and American experts on the politics of and prospects for nuclear disarmament.

Daytime Activities: Begin with three days in **Moscow**, exploring the **Kremlin**, **St. Basil's**, **Lenin's Tomb**, **GUM Department Store**, **Bolshoi Theater**, **Moscow Art Theater**, and **Gorky Park**. Then fly to **Rostov-on-Don**, center of one of the largest agricultural areas in the country. Visit the renowned **Botanical Gardens** here before boarding the first-class cruise liner *Pushkin*. Relax in comfort and fellowship on your eight-day journey up the scenic **Volga River**. Stop at **Don Cossack Island** for picnicking, a swim, and folk dancing. Continue your cruise with Russian language lessons, cultural films, recreational games, or just soak up the sun on the deck. Visit **Volgograd**, nearly destroyed during World War II and now one of the Soviet Union's largest industrial and cultural centers. Relax again at **Devushkin**, or Maiden's Island; explore **Zhiguli** and **Togliatti**; visit Lenin's birthplace at **Ulyanovsk**; and wind up your journey at **Kazan** with a visit to the 16th-century Kazan Kremlin. Return to Moscow for a day of "Beryozka" duty-free shopping and additional sightseeing.

Co-Sponsors: Fellowship of Reconciliation; National Council of American-Soviet Friendship; Promoting Enduring Peace; Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; World Fellowship League.

All-inclusive prices as low as $1840. One-week extensions to Kiev and Leningrad available starting at $295. All boat accommodations are outside cabins with private bath, on promenade or main deck. Space is limited, so write now for brochure.

To: Carole Kraemer
Advertising Manager
The Nation, Box 227-2
72 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10011

Please rush me more information on *The Nation* Cruise up the Volga, Aug. 5-21, 1982.

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip _____

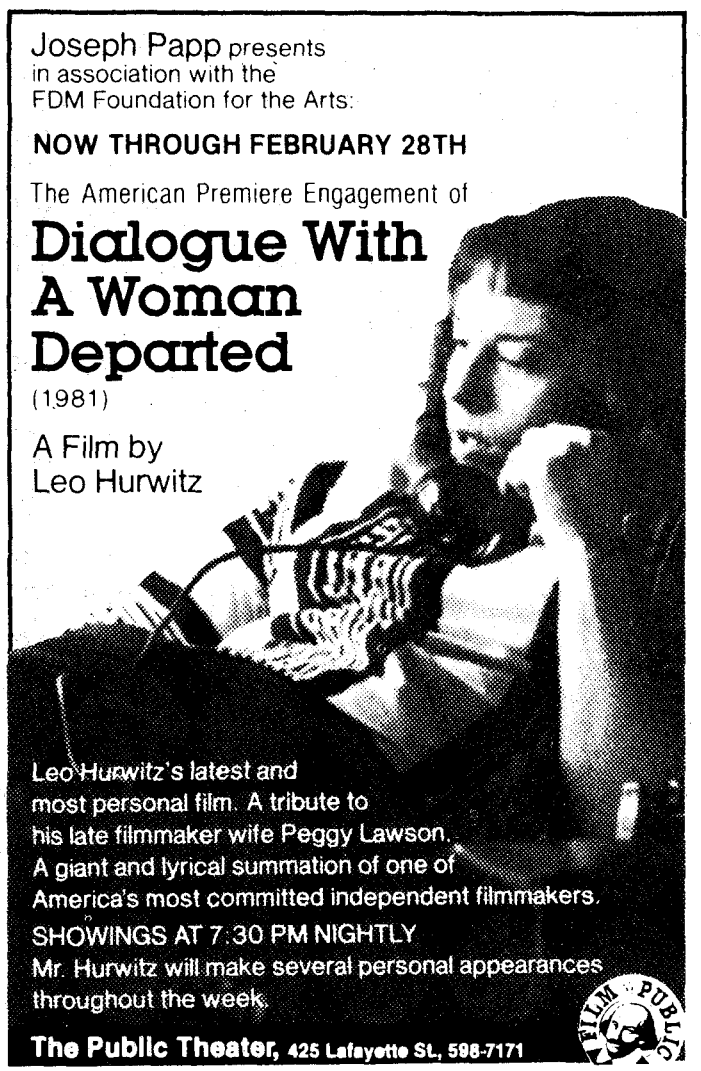
Number of people in party interested. _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heroic posture while criticizing Communism. Sontag reminds me of an observation often made about that magnificent radical Bertrand Russell: he remained always a Victorian because he continued to feel that refusing to believe in God was an act of supreme courage. I also had the impression that the genre of *mea culpa* into which Sontag's speech obviously falls had been laughed out of existence years ago by Harold Rosenberg's "Couched Liberalism and the Guilty Past" (a 1955 essay reprinted in Rosenberg's *The Tradition of the New*).

The much-ado-about-nothing feel of Sontag's speech is given off most strongly by her conclusions. She asks so very, very little of us. We are to "rethink our position," "abandon old and corrupt rhetoric" and "tell the truth." Only someone recently liberated from the mentality of the Popular Front could find these tasks so formidable. Perhaps I simply underestimate the number and influence of such people in our society.

Even if one were to concede that the obligation to speak the truth is so important that it cannot be affirmed often enough, it does not follow that we should count as an obvious "truth" Sontag's crude equation of Communism with fascism. The political scientists and historians who carry out the comparative study of Communist political culture are not fools by virtue of their attempts to discover the specific terms on which Communism interacts with particular national societies and is subject to the contingencies of history. If Sontag is really interested in "rethinking" her position, she could well start with some of their work, of which a fine example is *Stalinism: Essays in Historical Interpretation* (Norton), edited by Robert Tucker. Many intelligent and informed efforts have been made to understand the relationship between Communism and fascism; it is to these efforts, rather than to the parochial and incautious after-dinner remarks of New York intellectuals, that *The Nation* would be well advised to direct the attention of its readers. □


Joseph Papp presents
in association with the
FDM Foundation for the Arts:
NOW THROUGH FEBRUARY 28TH
The American Premiere Engagement of
Dialogue With A Woman Departed
(1981)
A Film by Leo Hurwitz
Leo Hurwitz's latest and most personal film. A tribute to his late filmmaker wife Peggy Lawson. A giant and lyrical summation of one of America's most committed independent filmmakers.
SHOWINGS AT 7:30 PM NIGHTLY
Mr. Hurwitz will make several personal appearances throughout the week.
The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St., 598-7171
FILM PUBLIC

PHILIP POCHODA

In 1919, attempting to sanitize if not satirize his still very precarious revolution, Lenin boldly defined the newly emergent Communism as "soviets plus electrification." The enormously heterogeneous experience of Communism since that time has withstood encapsulation in anything like so fatuous a formulation until we were treated to Susan Sontag's recent rhetorical nugget: "Communism . . . is fascism with a human face."

Grant the bravery of constructing a resonant aphorism purporting to convey the whole nature and history of Communism since the Russian Revolution, both in and out of the Soviet Union; grant further that at least a half (though not a three-quarter) truth is contained within that aphorism; and further admit that the sole evidence provided in its behalf is that it is articulated in the context of a recantation by a minor celebrity, then you have at least some idea of the difficulty of responding to this pretentious and portentous assertion. For while its daring and wit intimate a moral seriousness informed by chastened intellectual and political passion, its intrinsic banality, its evisceration of historical context and contest, and its collapsing of political and logical categories resurrect the crudest version of the cold-war mentality, the level of political caricature maintained so steadfastly in . . . the *Reader's Digest*, that celebratory organ of McCarthy (Joe), Hoover (J. Edgar), Whittaker Chambers, William Westmoreland and Henry Kissinger.

The God That Failed theme has worn a little thin by now; it is a long time since anyone believed that the Stalinist god did or should succeed in the West. But were all Communist aspirations, all Communist actions, all Communist ideals, without exception, fascist? Can we not preserve a valued place in our political pantheon for Imre Nagy's Hungarian comrades in 1956, Alexander Dubcek's Czechoslovak allies in 1968, Salvador Allende's Chilean forces of 1971, not to mention countless other liberationist and antifascist fighters around the world? Sontag, the converted absolutist, having now undergone the traditional ritual of public *mea culpa*, demands we abandon all such qualified and qualifying illusions. Communism, all Communism, is Stalinist; Communism, all Communism, all Communisms, are "utter villainy."

Philip Pochoda is a senior editor at Doubleday/Anchor Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here we have, in undiluted form, the political mentality that characterizes the place where *Reader's Digest* wisdom and the Russian émigré celebrities (but not Medvedev and Sakharov) converge, and that Sontag lauds at the expense of *The Nation*.

With our moral sensibilities fully absorbed by the overriding issue of "utter villainy," it must seem slothful if not sinful to attend to mere "relative" villainy. Joseph Brodsky (he of "banks and tanks") warns us to forego our concern over American intervention in El Salvador—obviously a venue of mere second-rate villainy. And we remember all too well the saintly Solzhenitsyn's fervent encouragement to America in Vietnam—Solzhenitsyn the orchestra leader of the "utter villainy" theme, who sponsors rather a return to czarist theocracy.

At this late date we should not need Sontag to further enlighten us on the horrors of Stalinism or on the frequent absence of humanitarian motives in Russian activities at home and abroad. But what we do desperately require in a time of mounting hysteria and war drums is to resist the barbarous assault on valid historical discrimination and political judgment that she so cavalierly commends.

Before succumbing to the Reaganite mentality of the *Reader's Digest* and Alexander Haig, we might at least consider that Auschwitz and Dachau were the triumph, the fulfillment, of *Mein Kampf*, whereas the gulag and December 13 are the unspeakable, if all too common, travesties of the *Communist Manifesto*. And if Rosa Luxemburg, Antonio Gramsci and even Hannah Arendt are not sufficiently persuasive to Sontag—now no doubt happily entranced by "Life in These United States"—she might spend some time reading the recent debates and condemnatory resolutions of the Italian and Spanish Communist parties regarding the military seizure of Poland. I, for one, should hate to see Sontag, long one of the most valued assets of the American left, allow herself to become caricatured as Norman Podhoretz with a human face. □

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

I was at the meeting, and I have spent ten years working for the *New Statesman* and *The Nation*. I was pleased that Susan Sontag invited the left to criticize its own record on Stalinism, and I see no sign that she has moved noticeably toward the Manichaean anti-Communism of the bad old days.

The Polish workers movement is a cause in its own right. It should be supported without any throat-clearing about El Salvador. We do not have to prove that we are not reactionaries—it was never demanded of Walesa that he denounce Pinochet (though it would have been nice if he had). Surely I am not the only socialist who finds comparisons between Solidarity and the fate of PATCO to be grotesque? The rights of highly paid Reaganite air controllers may have been *violated*, but the rights of Polish coal miners and shipbuilders have been *abolished*. It is, really, casuistry to mention them in the same breath.

Having tried to open a debate on the responsibilities of the left, Sontag has done her best to close it again by ill-tempered and ahistorical remarks about fascism and the record of the *Reader's Digest*. (Actually, if the Bolsheviks had not won the civil war, the word for fascism *would* be a Russian one and not an Italian one.) Let us be charitable and assume that she was trying to galvanize an audience by deliberate exaggeration. Aren't there some people who wish that what she said was even more untrue than it is? Are there not "intellectuals" who condemn Stalinism for the sake of symmetry, or because it embarrasses the left and encourages the right, rather than because it is a deadly foe of socialism and democracy?

Actually, the real *trahison* in the Polish affair has come from the liberals, not from the left. It is the George Kennans, hostile to socialism as an idea, who have found the excuses of *Realpolitik* for Soviet conduct. But on the left, too, there are some who divert an argument about Polish self-determination into an argument about the hypocrisy of Reagan and Haig. By doing so, they devalue solidarity with Solidarity, and I think Sontag was right to say so. □

Christopher Hitchens is a contributing editor of The Nation.

Reply

SUSAN SONTAG

The speech I gave at Town Hall has now flushed out a fascinating array of responses. Furious to find that the dreadful *Soho News* printed a taped—and cut—version of my speech (after I'd refused to give them the text and told them I was publishing it elsewhere), I am glad to be printed in *The Nation*. In their introduction, the editors write as if *The Nation* chose me, but it is also I who chose to have my speech in *The Nation*. Even Aryeh Neier cannot forbear sanctimoniously pointing out that he has expressed anti-Communist views in *The Nation* but would not care to have them appear in the *Reader's Digest*. Well, does he imagine that I feel differently?

Most of the respondents say that the issue I have raised is not a problem, or that it is a problem already dealt with. I think it *is* a problem, and take as further evidence of that the anger I have aroused, and the low quality of all but two of the responses. Singer complains that he has crossed the ocean for nothing and belabors me, in true *apparatchik* fashion, with the suspicion that I may not be of working-class origin. Hollinger, stretched out with an ice pack on his forehead, calls it much ado about nothing. Andrew Kopkind, the noted disco expert of the 1970s, reminisces about our good old days in Hanoi in 1968, and observes that truth and justice proceed "dialectically." Diana Trilling welcomes me to the ranks of *her* anti-Communists (thanks, but no thanks), and quarrels with me because I do not find Reagan "sincere." While most of my respondents profess to find banal homilies or a defection to reaction (plus a subscription to the *Reader's Digest*) in my plea for intellectual honesty, she finds "the weary rhetoric of Communist invective." (Trilling's response is the most mind-boggling of all.) The responses of Aryeh Neier and Christopher Hitch-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ens are the only ones that I can take seriously, and I thank them for their courteous and thoughtful comment.

Daniel Singer, David Hollinger, Philip Green and Philip Pochoda insist on their "good" Communism. But the necessity of liberation struggles and the virtues of the Italian Communist Party are strictly irrelevant to what I was saying. (When I talk politics with friends in Italy who are in the party, I usually find myself in large agreement with them. They talk like social democrats; so do—am—I.) My argument is about countries in which a Communist—that is, a Leninist—party has taken power and rules. The fact that *every one* of these countries is a tyranny that oppresses workers and corrupts intellectual life and free inquiry seems not to have led Singer, Green, Hollinger and Pochoda to draw any conclusions about Communism as a system. It has me.

I do not find it any evidence of the virtues of the Communist tyrannies of Eastern Europe that they inspire heroic, unsuccessful revolts (1956, 1968, 1980-81). Unlike Green, I believe that "the violent suppression of organized labor" is not a feature that *distinguishes* the regimes of, say, Argentina and Chile from those of, say, Eastern Europe, but is, rather, a perfect description of what goes on, more intelligently, more systematically, in Communist countries. Neither the ruling elites nor the enslaved and disaffected people of Eastern Europe can be called "Marxist"; and if and when these oppressed manage to overthrow their tyrants, it will not, I fear, be to embrace an alternative of our liking. What is brewing in Eastern Europe is not democratic socialism. The centrality of a particularly fervent Catholicism to Solidarity is not an accident or an instance of cultural lag; and, in Russia, among those who are not cynics or merely demoralized, new converts to religious fundamentalism outnumber the liberals and democratic socialists a thousand to one. Green does not understand the corrupting effects of decades of Communist despotism, and of Communism's ideological bankruptcy. He asks—only rhetorically, alas: Is it now proved that we have been wrong to be hopeful that out of Communism something much better might emerge? Yes, it is now proved. We were wrong. It is the people who live in those countries who tell us that.

Wonderful to hear, each of my respondents claims to have never been deceived by the nature of Communist tyranny. Indeed, most claim that they were always anti-Communists. But I could say the same. I was never a Communist (and therefore am not now a "repentant" ex-Communist of the god-who-failed variety) nor a Trotskyist or Maoist. Neier points out that he thought Milosz was telling the truth in the early 1950s. But I hardly thought Milosz was lying. Nevertheless, detesting the reactionary uses to which anti-Communism is put—that is, for the very reasons Neier mentions in the next paragraph of his response—I bracketed what Milosz and the other émigrés were saying. That is the phenomenon I was addressing. I was always—virtuous label—an "anti-Stalinist." But, like many people on the democratic left, I did not understand the *essentially* despotic nature of the Communist system (that is, a country—any country—ruled by a Leninist party). One of my points is that the word "Stalinist" is, finally, irrelevant to the discussion of Communism. Whoever limits the iniquities of Communism to Stalinism or finds hope in the "hypocrisies" of Communist leaders (who betray their "ideals"??) has really missed the point.

The response typified by Singer, Pochoda, Hollinger and Green expresses exactly the attitude I am attacking. I find it dishonest, demagogic, untrue, deeply complicitous with tyranny and, last but hardly least, not in the interests of the democratic left. Singer is perhaps the easiest to decipher. He is the man who, at the Town Hall rally, declared that although he wishes that Solidarity members had adopted the "Internationale" as their anthem, he understands why they did not; unfortunately, it happens to be the anthem of the oppressive state, the state-which-pretends-to-be-Communist. I do not wish the members of Solidarity had sung the "Internationale." I do not think that they were mistaken in not doing so. Neither do I wish to hear it sung by the democratic movement in El Salvador, whose struggle to overthrow the tyranny backed by the American government I passionately support. □

SALVADORAN ELECTIONS

Ballots Won't Stop the Bullets

CYNTHIA BROWN

One thing can be said with certainty about the elections scheduled for March 28 in El Salvador: they will end neither the fighting nor the economic chaos which has brought three of every four Salvadorans to near starvation. Nonetheless, they present an opportunity for taking stock of El Salvador's progress in dealing with its national crisis.

Though the United States has consistently backed the elections, Ambassador Deane Hinton has admitted that the war will continue regardless of their outcome. U.S. and Salvadoran opposition sources agree that neither side can at present win a military victory. The guerrillas of the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.) are unlikely to be routed by the recently released $55 million in additional U.S. military aid. The F.M.L.N.'s "zones of control" now cover approximately one quarter of the nation's territory and have been extended to ten of El Salvador's fourteen provinces. The insurgents showed they are capable of striking at military bases when they destroyed five or six helicopters—half the fleet—at Ilopango Air Force Base in San Salvador on January 27, and they showed they can temporarily threaten even an important military garrison, as they did in San Sebastián last week.

On the other hand, the State Department is now suggesting that military victory may be the only acceptable

Cynthia Brown writes frequently for The Nation *on Latin American issues.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goal. In recent Congressional testimony, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas Enders said that "the decisive battle for Central America is taking place in El Salvador," and he expressed the Administration's fears that the nation—and presumably the entire region—might be "captured by a violent minority," this fear apparently justifying U.S. support for the violent minority now in power. The "emergency" military aid announced by President Reagan brings total U.S. military assistance to El Salvador to $116 million since January 1981, of which only $36 million has come before Congress for approval. More aid obviously implies more American advisers and a deeper commitment of American prestige. And while the Pentagon reportedly does not favor U.S. military intervention in El Salvador, Secretary of State Alexander Haig has refused to rule it out. Also, according to *The Washington Post* of February 14, the Administration has authorized a plan to encourage friendly governments—Argentina was the example named—to intervene with paramilitary operations in Nicaragua to disrupt the Salvadoran insurgency.

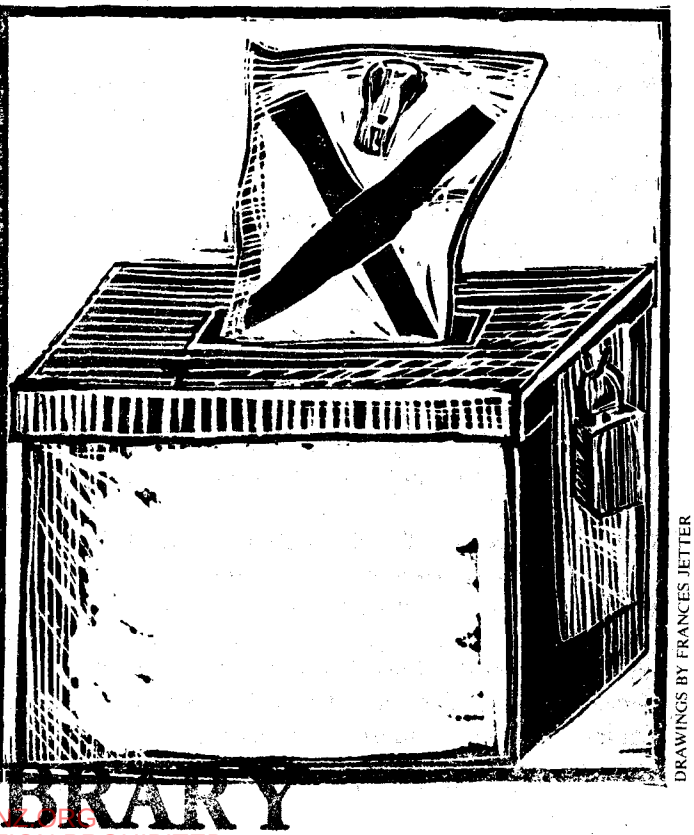
All of the eight parties fielding candidates in the March elections would agree with Enders's analysis, but most would call the military package inadequate. From President José Napoleón Duarte's Christian Democratic Party, representing the moderate right, to Col. Roberto d'Aubuisson's National Republican Alliance (ARENA), on the far right, all the parties are committed to continuing the war. Their differences are only a matter of degree. The Christian Democrats' traditional distrust of the armed forces has not kept Duarte from becoming their partner. But he has played down the importance of a strong military, unlike d'Aubuisson, for example, or the Party of National Conciliation, supported by Defense Minister and junta strongman José Guillermo García.

The parties competing in the elections represent a narrow spectrum of Salvadoran political views. The social democratic and leftist elements in the opposition Democratic Revolutionary Front (F.D.R.) were invited to participate on the condition that they compete separately and dissociate themselves from the F.M.L.N., which would have been political suicide. Therefore they refused and are asking people not to vote. If anything, the elections promise to further entrench the far-right forces. The Christian Democratic Party has lost much ground in the past year. It has been tainted by its association with the armed forces and weakened by paramilitary right-wing terrorism, from which even it has not been immune. There have been attacks on C.D. branch offices, most of which have closed by now, and ninety local party leaders were murdered in 1981.

For these and other reasons—including the landowners' ability to control the peasants' votes and the power of privately financed paramilitary squads to terrorize voters—the Christian Democratic Party is not expected to win a majority of the 60 seats in the new assembly. It is likely to be forced to form a coalition government with the parties representing the military or with the parties like Democratic Action, representing the land-owning aristocracy and industrialists, who openly oppose the state intervention measures that Duarte has instituted. Duarte is already at a disadvantage with these elements, since they exercise the real control over the armed forces. But ironically, the election plan, devised and primarily controlled by Duarte's own party, could become the mechanism that legitimizes his subordination.

American and independent Salvadoran observers agree that any significant showing by the right-wing opposition will create enormous pressures to dismantle government reforms now under way in agriculture, banking and other sectors of the economy and to boost military spending still further. But abandoning the facade of reform will generate fresh criticism from abroad and greater support for negotiations—another irony, for the elections were intended to quell international doubts about the present government's legitimacy. International support for Duarte (aside from the obligatory gestures from other Christian Democratic parties) is limited, but such backing as there is depends on Duarte's reformist image and on U.S. claims that he can, with time and additional aid, "control" (that is, get out from under) the security forces.

The indications are, however, that the military rhetoric of U.S. officials and the hints of direct intervention are creating a backlash among American allies. Canada opposes further U.S. aid, and its foreign minister recently suggested that his government may not send an observer to the elections because that might be construed as an endorsement of them. Last December, Western European countries either voted for or abstained on a U.N. resolution condemning the Salvadoran government for human rights violations; even Britain refused to join the United States in voting against the



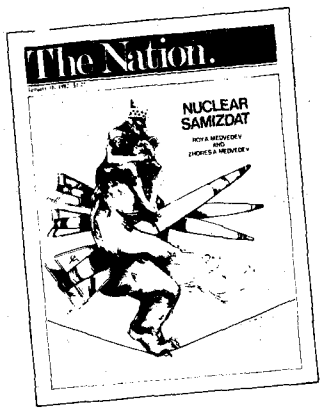
DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO ANZ ONLY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

measure. Several European nations favor negotiations, as do the Eastern European bloc and Latin American nations like Mexico and Nicaragua. (The Organization of American States, however, has supported the elections.)

The F.D.R./F.M.L.N.'s proposal for a negotiated settlement, introduced in October, called for talks between the government and themselves without preconditions and with witnesses from neutral foreign governments present. The Salvadoran and U.S. governments have rejected the plan, insisting that the F.M.L.N. must lay down its arms before any discussions can be held. Not only do social democratic and socialist governments support a negotiated solution, but so do several liberals in Congress. Representative Stephen Solarz, Democrat of New York, said recently: "We have an interest in a negotiated settlement because in a prolonged military conflict, the junta is more likely to crack than the guerrillas."

With three other legislators, Solarz has introduced a bill recommending that U.S. policy support a cease fire and negotiations. Like a stronger measure sponsored by Representative Gerry Studds, Democrat of Massachusetts, this bill is not expected to stop the Administration from getting Congressional approval to renew military and economic aid. But the State Department is having credibility problems. Representative Jonathan Bingham, Democrat of New York, has called the Administration claims of human rights improvements in El Salvador "a fraud, pure and simple."



'NUCLEAR SAMIZDAT' Is Available At LOW BULK RATES

_____1 copy $3
_____10 copies $8
_____50 copies $30
_____100 copies $50
_____1,000 copies $300

What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist Soviet dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and biologist Zhores A. Medvedev,, provide the unofficial Soviet viewpoint in this special January 16 issue of *The Nation*. Essential information for all who read E. P. Thompson's "Letter to America," in our January 24, 1981, issue, "Nuclear Samizdat" is addressed to the peace movement in the West.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

Please make check or money order payable to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Representative George Crockett Jr., Democrat of Michigan, noted that when an Administration official was asked to give proof of Cuban involvement in El Salvador, he "couldn't name a single thing." And Representative Clarence Long, Democrat of Maryland, who heads the subcommittee in charge of foreign aid appropriations and has visited El Salvador, recently reiterated what he said last April regarding a previous aid request: "El Salvador is becoming a bottomless pit for U.S. aid, economic and military." (Long led one of three Congressional investigating groups that went to Central America this month to evaluate U.S. policy, reports of stepped-up human rights violations and the Salvadoran elections.)

The disastrous state of El Salvador's economy is not a major issue in the elections, but there are conflicts over economic policy between Duarte and the civilian extreme right that are bound to split the new constituent assembly. Last July, Duarte said that critics of his programs were a threat as serious as the guerrillas. Both the large landowners and the industrialists contend that El Salvador's economic woes are the result of botched government reforms. They also charge that Duarte has not given the military sufficient funds to enable it to protect private business and agriculture from sabotage.

It is true that guerrilla and peasant saboteurs have damaged the coffee, cotton and sugar crops, the nation's main sources of foreign exchange, and that the state corporations created by Duarte are often unwieldy. And certainly the nation's economy is in serious decline. In 1981, real gross national product fell at least 4 percent and possibly as much as 7 percent, according to the State Department, and U.S. aid has become essential to pay for imports.

What the private sector ignores, however, is the extent to which the state has bailed it out and the extent to which its own conduct has exacerbated the crisis. For example, in the past two years, Salvadoran businessmen have withdrawn an estimated $1.5 billion from the country, which had a 1978 G.N.P. of only $3 billion, and they refuse to risk their own capital on new domestic business ventures. As a result, private investment decreased by 78 percent between 1978 and 1980, and this has accelerated the industrial collapse and agricultural neglect. Although it calls for free enterprise, the private sector relies heavily on state-supplied credit and is calling for more. It vilifies government agencies like the Agriculture Development Bank even though the bank has extended loans to large landowners. The bank acquired the capital for those loans by forcing rural cooperatives, the "beneficiaries" of Duarte's land reform program, to buy shares of stock—a scheme the big landowners could hardly improve upon. Similarly, the government's Housing Bank finances its construction loans to the private sector by forcing bank employees to buy shares.

What the private sector really wants is more for less. Meanwhile, CUDI, a research institute at Catholic University in San Salvador, reported last April: "The average consumption [of goods and services] in El Salvador in 1980 fell to 1970 levels, and in 1981 will fall to the levels of 1960." The same study found that 76 percent of the population cannot afford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sufficient food for basic nutrition. But, as Carlo Federico Paredes, a former vice minister of economic planning, points out, "There is no way to solve the economic problem unless the political problem is solved."

Aside from the military, economic and diplomatic problems surrounding them, the elections have thrown into relief some basic questions about what constitutes a legitimate government. First and foremost, the absence of candidates representing the social democratic and left parties has denied Salvadorans any meaningful range of choice. And even among the participating parties, the conditions for a free and fair contest do not exist. As former Ambassador Robert White recently noted, Duarte cannot campaign in the countryside for security reasons, while the candidates of the far right, military-backed parties move about more freely. While radio commercials promise that this time there will be no fraud, the elections commission destroyed the electoral register after deciding it was outdated. Thus there is no official roll of voters. They will be required to show identity cards at the polling places, and their fingers will be inked to prevent anyone from voting more than once. But inking has been used before and has not stopped fraud, and, according to the Associated Press, many Salvadorans possess more than one identity card.

A great effort has been made to convince the public that the elections will be free from coercion, but soldiers will be stationed at every one of the approximately 5,000 voting places. This is an understandable precaution in wartime but hardly reassuring to the people, who know that the security forces can do as they like. What is more, although they cannot vote, the security forces have candidates of their own running. They will hardly be disinterested guarantors. Larry Birns of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, a human rights group, sums it up: "The loyalty of the security forces is not to the central government but to themselves as an institution. Their sole interest is in their self-preservation, with Somoza's memory vividly in mind." A skeptic would say that the fact that members of the security forces will not vote is less a gesture of good faith than a comment on their contempt for electoral authority. In addition, there are the death squads financed by far-right private interests that are also fielding candidates. Will the international observers who have been invited to visit polling places venture out into the war-torn countryside to investigate whether the death squads are threatening voters?

The opposition considers the elections inseparable from Salvadoran and U.S. military strategy. "The elections are nothing more than a new attempt to legitimize the Salvadoran government, to continue military aid," says a spokesman for the F.D.R./F.M.L.N. As Salvador Cayetano Carpio ("El Marcial"), commander of the largest of the five component armies of the F.M.L.N., recently told a correspondent for Interlink Press Service: "One of the biggest dangers in these proposed elections of Duarte's is that they will serve as a smokescreen for a stepped-up offensive."

In themselves, the elections are unlikely to change much in the Salvadoran crisis, but they will help clarify it. With the elections past, one more card will have been played. □

Europe

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

lesson in realism"—symbolized Europe's prostrated state.

In West Germany, many theologians and writers, overcome by guilt, yearned for a new moral order in the postwar era. Democratic socialism seemed the wave of the future in 1946 and 1947. Even the Christian Democrats, in their Ahlener Program of February 1947, announced: "The era of uncontrolled domination of private capitalism is past." In nearly every issue, *Der Ruf*, a lively journal of the left, debated moral questions and called for a united, neutral Europe, committed to reform through democratic socialism. The most promising voice of the third way, *Der Ruf* simply could not survive the cold war. First the ban on fraternization imposed by the allies at the end of the war—extremely well described by Walter Laqueur in his novel, *Farewell to Europe*—and then the military censorship imposed on Germany quashed neutralist sentiment before it could spread. *Der Ruf* was suspended by the American military government in April 1947. It continued to appear until 1949, but, as James Wilkinson comments in *The Intellectual Resistance in Europe*, "All mention of socialism and criticism of the Western Allies gradually vanished."

In retrospect, one can see that neutralist sentiments, except in strategically unimportant countries like Austria, were crushed by cold-war *Realpolitik*. (Nowadays, the words "*Realpolitik—Nein Danke*" appear on bumper stickers displayed by supporters of the West German peace movement.) To Europe's east lay the Soviet Union, a highly unattractive option. When the Russians extended their power into cities like Prague that had been the centers of Europe's brilliant prewar cultural life, many intellectuals discovered previously unnoticed virtues in Western materialism. To this day, Soviet power poised to the east undermines the credibility of an independent course for Europe. The suppression of Solidarity in Poland, for example, has harmed the cause of a neutral Europe far more than anything the Reagan Administration could do.

To the west was the United States, determined to bring Western Europe within its economic, cultural and political orbit. American tactics—bribing politicians, authorizing infiltration of domestic political groups by the Central Intelligence Agency, supporting the police, staging propaganda blitzes—were not especially appealing to Europeans, but if the choice was between Moscow and Washington, it was no choice at all. For all America's crude pressures, it was still infinitely preferable to the closed Soviet society. All nations that were free to choose became U.S. allies.

Now the consequences of that choice are finally being faced. Once Europe accepted U.S. military protection, it had to accept whatever Washington decided about its future, including the decision to deploy Pershing 2 and

Alan Wolfe is a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board and author of* America's Impasse: The Rise and Fall of the Politics of Growth *(Pantheon).*

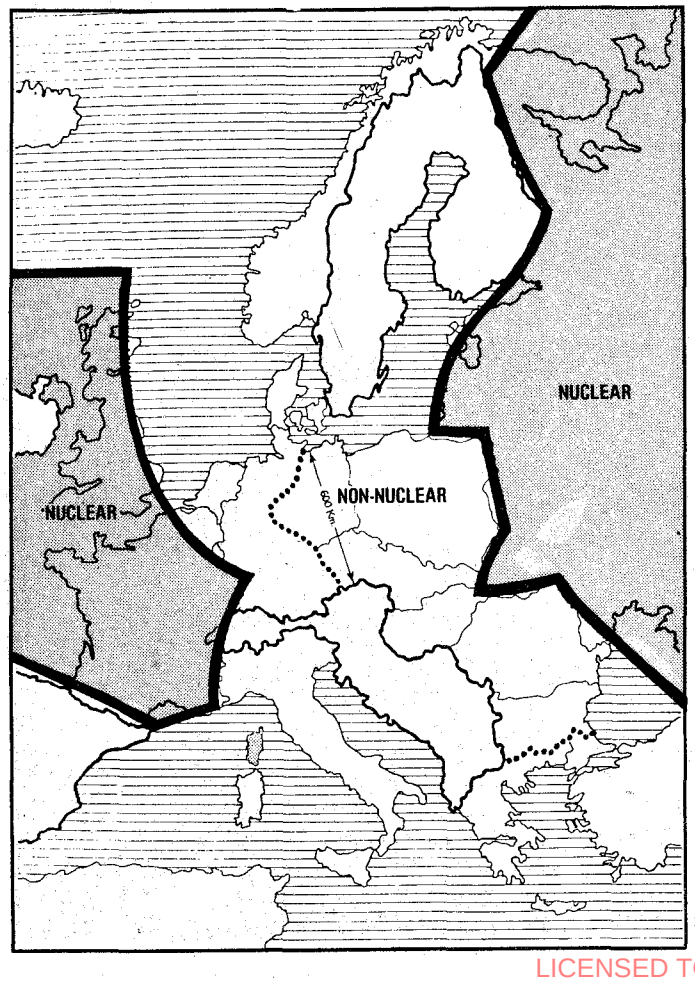
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cruise missiles on European soil. If Europe is ever to have its own identity again it has no choice but to reject those weapons and to chart a new diplomatic course. The issues being raised in the debate about European nuclear disarmament are, without exaggeration, the most important issues being discussed anywhere in the West today. Not surprisingly, there are no easy answers.

Consider what it must be like to live on a continent where two world wars have been fought within living memory. On your east, new, highly accurate Soviet intermediate-range SS-20 nuclear missiles are targeted at you. To meet this insecurity, the United States asks you to become more insecure by accepting 572 of *its* missiles, each serving as a target for a strike by the other side. If such a situation does not scare you, you have lost your capacity to be frightened.

But the reasons for fear have just begun to be enumerated. As Dan Smith, co-editor with E. P. Thompson of *Protest and Survive*, said at a conference sponsored by European Nuclear Disarmament (END) in Milan last December, too much of the West's attention has been devoted to the still undeployed Pershing 2s and cruise missiles and not enough to the thousands of nuclear weapons that are already in place in Europe. These are the "battlefield," or tactical, nuclear weapons, designed for limited purposes in ground combat in the European theater. They are scarier than the Pershing 2s and SS-20s, primarily because the "threshold" for their use is lower.

Battlefield nuclear weapons may be defined as those with a maximum range of 150 kilometers. Low-yield nuclear projectiles fired by conventional artillery are an example of this kind of weapon. Some of this weaponry is twenty-five years old and considered unreliable. Then there are the battlefield missiles. Several of these, the Honest Johns, for instance, are also obsolete and are being replaced by new Lance missiles. Some 700 Nike surface-to-air missiles are included in the battlefield category because they can be fired at ground targets within a range of 140 kilometers. Finally, there are stationary weapons, notably atomic mines.



Thus, Europeans must live with about 6,000 American battlefield nuclear warheads as neighbors, and the Soviet cousins of these weapons can drop in for a visit at any time. (The number of Russian battlefield nuclear weapons is not known, but it is undoubtedly high.) The Soviet Union's SS-21, which will replace the obsolete FROG missile, is roughly comparable to the Lance. Russian ships carry long-range cruise missiles. Many Soviet tactical weapons are probably old and might accidentally explode. The torpedoes on board the submarine that ran aground off the coast of Sweden last year after taking a wrong turn in the Baltic Sea were a case in point. And no catalogue of European battlefield weapons would be complete without mention of the French Pluton missile (range: 120 kilometers), which may soon carry neutron bombs.

Nor does that exhaust the list, since both sides are rapidly modernizing their existing battlefield weapons. The Reagan Administration is going ahead with production of the "enhanced radiation" (neutron) bomb. Partly in response to European protests, President Carter announced the "suspension" of the neutron bomb. Actually, he did not halt manufacture of the bomb's components—only final assembly. The enhanced-radiation capability could be added in a matter of hours. Reagan's repudiation of Carter's policy thus had little military significance. Its import, rather, was almost wholly political. As Laurens Hogenbrink of the Dutch peace movement has observed, Reagan meant to put Europe on notice that decisions about its future were once again in American hands.

A second American development of far greater importance than Reagan's decision to assemble the neutron bomb is the so-called "dial-a-nuke" option. Current U.S. planning calls for an increase in the number of ways that each battlefield weapon can be used. With the new, more versatile, computerized weapons, commanders will be able to switch quickly from a conventional to a nuclear explosion, increase or decrease a weapon's range, and add or cancel the neutron capability. Consequently, we can expect an announcement by the Pentagon that in the interests of arms control, it has reduced the number of weapons deployed in Europe. But one weapon that can carry out the military missions previously performed by five obviously does not represent a reduction in force, and so a cutback in overall numbers would mean little.

Nuclear weapons have been stored on European soil for a quarter of a century. Why, then, has intense opposition to them recently erupted? Some blame the rise of the European nuclear disarmament movement on the Reagan Administra-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion's loose talk about "demonstration" nuclear shots and the feasibility of limited nuclear war. But although Reagan has indeed been maladroit in his dealings with the European nations, there are deeper problems in NATO that have existed since it was founded. The real reason for the current unease, as Mary Kaldor has pointed out in a recent issue of *democracy*, lies in the transformation of the world order after World War II.

The NATO strategy was flawed from its inception. It called for the United States to risk a nuclear war if the Soviet Union invaded Western Europe. As Henry Kissinger inelegantly pointed out to the Europeans when he was Secretary of State, no American President would ever risk the destruction of his entire people to save Europe. Yet while this strategy made no sense intellectually, it did make sense politically. In view of America's economic and military superiority after World War II, reliance on the U.S. deterrent seemed the only course for Western Europe to follow. When the politics of the situation changed, however, the rationale for the NATO doctrine collapsed.

There are two possible U.S. responses to this flaw. One is to say that since we know—and presumably the Russians know as well—that strategic deterrence is a fiction, intermediate-range missiles should be deployed in Europe to prevent a Soviet invasion. For if a future war could be limited to Europe, without the involvement of U.S. or Soviet intercontinental missiles, the U.S. population would no longer be at risk. Thus the deterrent becomes "credible" again. The deployment of the 572 ground-launched cruise missiles and Pershing 2s, in other words, has more to do with the internal dynamics of NATO—specifically, contrasting perceptions within the Atlantic alliance of strategic deterrence—than it does with the Russian SS-20s.

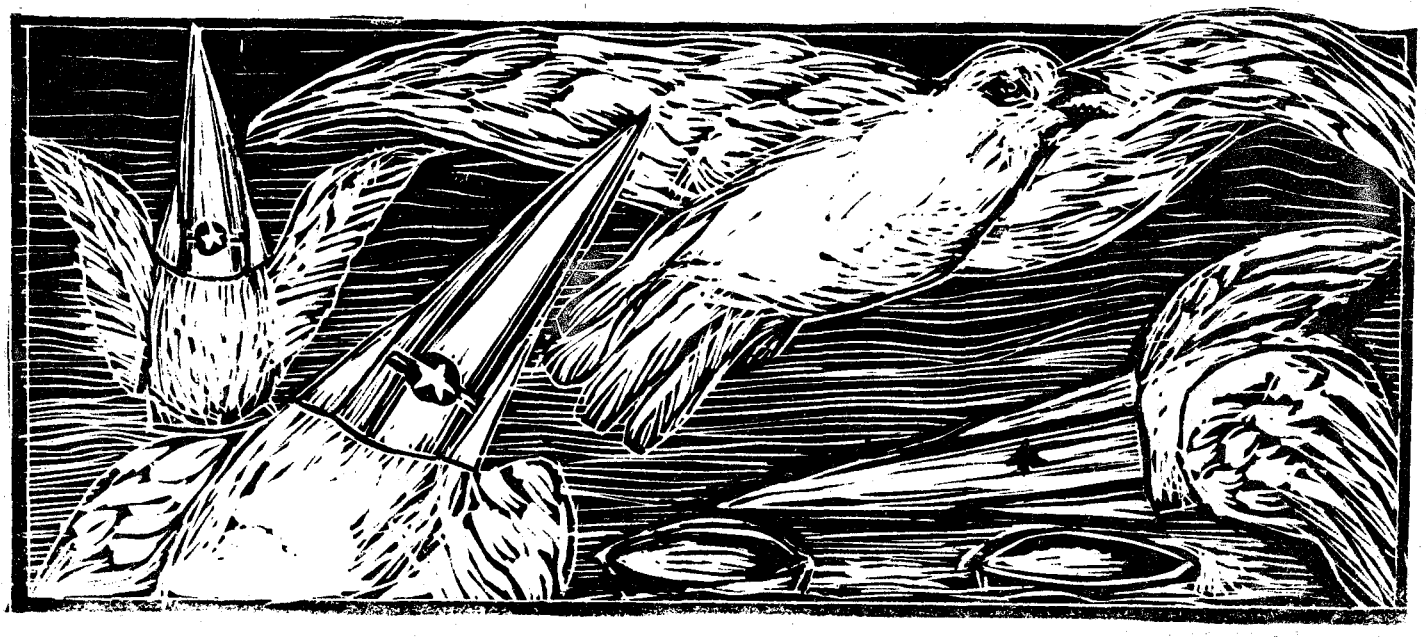
Unfortunately for NATO, European perceptions of the strategic role of these missiles are quite different from America's. Given the understandable fear of a limited nuclear exchange in Europe, men like Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany support the deployment of Pershing 2 and cruise missiles as a way of tying the United States more closely to Europe. Hence, the same weapons have two opposing strategic rationales. For the United States, the purpose of the weapons is to keep America out. For the European nations, it is to bring the United States in. No wonder the alliance is in trouble.

But there is another way to correct the original flaw in Western strategic thinking, and that is to withdraw all American nuclear weapons from Europe. This is what END proposes. Does it make any sense? It all depends on what kind of sense one is talking about.

There are two kinds of sense that apply in these matters: military and political. Most of the discussion takes place on the military level: tables showing the comparative strength of Soviet and Western forces, arguments about the various "gaps" between East and West, intelligence analyses of troop movements and the like. But even within this context, the number of additional nuclear weapons that can serve a military purpose is limited. Indeed, in October 1977, the NATO Nuclear Planning Group claimed that additional intermediate-range missiles were needed for Western Europe "to satisfy public perceptions concerning the credibility of response." Thus, nuclear diplomacy has a strong political dimension; it emphasizes perceptions and appearances as much as destructive capabilities. The question, then, is whether European nuclear disarmament makes sense politically.

That question can only be answered politically. The anti-nuclear sentiment that exploded in 1981 in Western Europe has been portrayed in the American press as roughly comparable to the anti-Vietnam War movement here. It is not. Europeans are not protesting against a war but against a way of life. The best way to convey what is at stake is by reference to the accompanying map, which shows the nuclear and nonnuclear powers in Europe. As the map shows, the split in Europe is not between East and West but between center and peripheries. Those who live in the middle, with nuclear firepower on both sides, no longer think about the world as the Russians and the Americans do.

If the European nuclear disarmament movement is suc-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cessful, it will undermine fundamental assumptions about foreign policy shared by the United States and the Soviet Union. For this reason, once the movement began, a subtle change occurred in U.S. strategic planning. Baldly put, the United States is now waging a campaign against Europe as well as against the Soviet Union. (The Russians, needless to say, are also waging war on Europe, but they have allies in Poland who will do their work for them. Imagine how envious members of the National Security Council must be of Russia's ability to impose its will on its allies in Europe.)

The first campaign in the new war against Europe was the Reagan Administration's decision to participate in arms-reduction talks in Geneva. As the press pointed out at the time, the new U.S. position was a direct response to the European peace movement. There is considerable suspicion in Europe that the talks are a trick designed to lull the anti-nuclear movement into a false sense of security, much as the Carter Administration did when it announced the suspension of the neutron bomb while continuing to produce it. The assumption is that once the demonstrations in Europe quiet down, a pretext will be found to disband the talks.

There is another possibility, however. It is widely believed in Europe that the Pershing 2 missiles to be deployed on the Continent have a serious problem—namely, they don't work. Having little reason to deploy them, the United States might negotiate an agreement to cancel them. Nothing would be lost, and much could be gained. When Henry Kissinger concluded the SALT I treaty, he realized that winning the Pentagon's approval would be far more difficult than bargaining with the Russians. To win the military establishment's support for SALT I, Kissinger gave the green light to the modernization of myriad weapons. The Reagan Administration could conclude an agreement in Geneva, win plaudits from the press, gain the reputation of being interested in arms control and then proceed to produce the truly menacing new systems like the Trident II and sea-launched cruise missiles. The Republicans might even run as the peace party in 1984, with hawkish Democrats criticizing the agreement in Geneva as a sell-out.

To be sure, there is a Soviet threat to Europe. No one who watched martial law being imposed on Poland can avoid the conclusion that the Russians will, when they have the opportunity, crush any threat to their hegemony. But Europe faces not only a Soviet threat; it also faces an American threat. Recently, a prominent Dutch politician told R.W. Apple of *The New York Times*, "We expect the Russians to do things like those they have done in Poland and Afghanistan, and we condemn them. But we don't expect the United States, which we have always respected, to behave in the aggressive way that Mr. Reagan is behaving, so many of us feel hurt and disappointed."

The problem is that NATO planners, as Mary Kaldor puts it, "abdicated control over Western European lives." The United States holds the people of Western Europe hostage to foster its nuclear ambitions. If these hostages rebel, America will treat them the way all captors treat their hostages: they will be punished. A neutral, nuclear-free Europe would be as alien to American strategic planning as it would be vulnerable to Soviet meddling.

Which threat is worse? Those who give priority to the Soviet threat argue that Europe must protect itself by accepting the Pershing 2 and cruise missiles. Those who are more concerned with the American threat must face up to the likelihood of greater Soviet meddling in Western Europe once the U.S. strategic umbrella is closed. From a military standpoint, one thing has not changed since the end of World War II: the Russians and the Americans remain the two dominant military powers in Europe. For Europeans, the choice comes down to the unpalatable alternatives of seeing all of Europe become more like Poland or seeing all of Europe become an increasingly vulnerable target for a limited nuclear war.

That is the choice, however, only if one views the world through a military lens. In reality, Europe has other options. Most important, a serious imbalance between military and economic power has emerged in the West. The United States has the weapons, but West Germany has the strong economy. Europe's economic strength is, in fact, its most important bargaining chip. Its relative economic independence enables Western Europe to pursue an independent political course.

Moreover, Europeans have the additional advantage of not being as corrupted by power as the Russians and the Americans. Especially in the Third World, where *both* Soviet meddling and American corporate hegemony are distrusted, European initiatives are welcome. Short of a nuclear war, Europe is in a position to win more allies in the North and the South, even while being squeezed between the East and the West.

A nuclear-free Europe carries significant risks. Europeans would have to place a greater reliance on conventional defense, which costs more. They would have to assume military expenses that the United States now pays for. Rivalries between nuclear and nonnuclear states within Europe would be intensified. (Britain and France are the only European states that currently possess nuclear weapons.) Western Europe could not protest Soviet actions in Eastern Europe, and it would be exposed to the vindictive side of American isolationism. (If they don't want our help, let them go to hell.) No one I met at a recent meeting of END thinks that the choices are easy.

Contemplating the problems that would be raised by a nuclear-free Europe, a European might be tempted to give up on the idea altogether and continue to seek security under the American nuclear blanket. That would be more than a shame. The postwar world has reached a turning point. If we go back to the cold war, there is simply no telling when people will ever again be able to live without the imminent fear of nuclear destruction. If the current cold-war clamor can be checked, new economic and political realities suggest the possibility of a more rational ordering of global priorities. Such are the stakes. Europe, which lost the war, has a chance to solidify the peace. If the European nuclear disarmament movement continues to flourish, both Americans and Russians will some day be grateful to it. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Partisan Observer

MARK SHECHNER

THE TRUANTS: Adventures Among the Intellectuals. *By William Barrett. Anchor Press/Doubleday. 270 pp. $15.95.*

Thanks to Delmore Schwartz, everyone had a nickname. Art historian Meyer Schapiro was "a mouth in search of an ear"; Philip Rahv was "manic-impressive"; Hannah Arendt was "that Weimar Republic flapper"; Lionel Trilling, "the Matthew Arnold of Morningside Heights," later downgraded to "the Matthew Arnold of Grant's Tomb." Edmund Wilson called the magazine Partisansky Review and referred to its editors, Rahv and William Phillips, as Potash and Perlmutter (after Montague Glass's Broadway play about two Jewish tailors who quarrel incessantly but still manage to turn out a quality suit). Harold Rosenberg, when shown Rahv's anthology of Henry James, described it as "the Henry James delicatessen." Rahv never forgave him. Rahv's own *mots* were seldom so *bon*. A tireless gossip, he had a line, usually malicious, on everybody, and when cornered by *Partisan Review* staff members who demanded an explanation for his nastiness, he pled "analytic exuberance." That quickly became a bullet in Schwartz's verbal armory: "Analytic exuberance—Philip Rahv's euphemism for putting a knife in your back."

The Truants, William Barrett's memoir of his years at *Partisan Review*, is brimful of such anecdotes, which he tells with gusto. Barrett was an attentive listener, and the charged atmosphere of intellectual mayhem and brittle repartee that marked the life of the inner circle is recalled with a clarity that brings it all alive. The freshness of Barrett's impressions, sometimes forty-five years after the fact, is startling; was he taking notes right along?

From 1945, when he was invited to join the *Partisan* staff—for no apparent reason other than that he was Schwartz's friend—until 1952, when he left the magazine to pursue his own interests as an importer of European ideas and a professor of philosophy at New York University, Barrett was on intimate terms with the inner life of the magazine. The editors could scarcely have wished for a more faithful or sympathetic witness. A Gentile among Jews and a retiring existentialist among quarrelsome ex-Marxists, he was a noncombatant in the struggles that regularly shook the office, struggles that, because they drew so deeply upon the Jewishness as well as the personal afflictions of the combatants, were not his own. He was the outsider who was permitted a privileged view of the turmoil within, the Horatio who survived to tell the story. Schwartz poured out his troubled heart to Barrett, at first in his wonderful banter, later in sodden and violent accusations that frightened Barrett and eventually drove him away. Rahv and Phillips used him as a buffer and a go-between, when they were not enlisting him in their plots against each other. "History does not record what Damon and Pythias became to each other in later life," Barrett remarks, "but certainly their friendship would have been severely taxed if they had been on the staff of *Partisan Review* together." Barrett's capacity for being intimate with all these men while standing apart from their ongoing and sometimes hysterical sense of crisis gives his book its special balance of equanimity and warmth, and allows him to practice the etiquette of *nil nisi bonum* without surrendering his judgment of the disasters that Rahv and Schwartz drew down upon themselves.

Yet Barrett's detachment also draws him away from the fire that burned at the heart of the magazine. He did not always attend to history, and was at times quite oblivious to politics. (You'd gather from *The Truants* that the central importance of World War II was the opportunity it gave French writers to invent existentialism.) His tenure at *Partisan* should have afforded him a special vantage point on the issues of the day: the Korean War; the cold war; the other, cultural, cold war, which involved *Partisan Review* directly through its affiliation with the American Committee for Cultural Freedom; the Hiss and Rosenberg trials; and the spectacular emergence of Richard Nixon and Joseph McCarthy at the center of American politics. Of these, only Hiss and McCarthy rate mention, and only in cameo. For a book that purports to be a close-up of political intellectuals, *The Truants* is remarkably thin on politics, suggesting either that Barrett was not so intimate with *Partisan*'s secrets as he imagines or that he was so bemused by the daily charades of gossip and intrigue that he took them for the whole truth. (This deficiency should be remedied by two forthcoming books: William Phillips's memoir and a political history of *Partisan Review* being written by a young Canadian historian, S. A. Longstaff.)

If Barrett sometimes failed to take in the issues, however, he was alive to the personalities about him, and shows a shrewd grasp of that portion of politics that belongs to character. Like the old woman in the Yeats poem, he puts a skin on everything he says, and what politics there is here is refracted through his cast of characters. In a typical anecdote, Barrett recalls Harold Rosenberg's complaint to Rahv that Lionel Trilling was making a case for "bourgeois values" in the pages of *Partisan*. Rahv, reports Barrett, was visibly shaken; the very word *bourgeois* set him on edge, and it was not until Schwartz offered the interpretation that Trilling needed the magazine "to protect his left flank" that Rahv was mollified, for if it did not excuse Trilling's delinquencies, it did suggest that he was dependent on him, Rahv, for cover. Not only are the characters of the four men brilliantly captured in this vignette but so is a moment in American thought when it suddenly became tolerable for stranded avant-gardists to countenance bourgeois values in a magazine whose very covenant with modernity was to regard all things middle class as death to the spirit.

Barrett plainly endorses those bourgeois values now, and the lesson this book finally puts forth is one that has little to do with the slogans of anti-liberalism it casually recites. Barrett's vote for common values has the ring of experience and reflection, arrived at by a lifetime in the company of uncommon people. With Rahv in mind, Barrett

Mark Shechner is a professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quotes Nietzsche's epigram about genius as a will to stupidity, an observation that might be applied across the board to the "homeless radicals" for whom Marxism and modernism, the first principles of *Partisan*'s charter, once supplied a home. If I read Barrett correctly, it was only in the repudiation of both that the left avant-garde of his generation at last came of age. Barrett chastises Jean-Paul Sartre, for one, as an ideologue who subordinated his sense of life to "the mania of an idée fixe" and could not bear to submit his ideas—his warm approval of Soviet Communism, his esteem for Jean Genet—to the test of common experience. Albert Camus, by contrast, is admired for his defense of "those elementary feelings of decency without which the human race could not survive." Camus's final break with Sartre, records Barrett, was over Sartre's *Saint Genet*, in which Genet—"a pimp, a pederast, a homosexual prostitute, a thief, and a paid informer for the Nazis"—is cast in the role of existentialist hero, a man who seized his freedom to create himself as a writer. Barrett's example is well chosen, for the contrast between Sartre and Camus poses starkly the paradox of "the modern sensibility," which Sartre upheld to the end and Camus finally had to renounce. Barrett takes his stand with Camus, lamenting of Sartre, "The intellectual spider spins his web and cannot come forth from it."

With the decency of common sentiments in mind, Barrett wrestles with his memories of Rahv and Schwartz, especially the former, a man who was almost wholly deficient in the virtues of kindliness and generosity. While reading *The Truants*, one constantly wonders how Barrett is going to marshal the known facts about Rahv into anything resembling a tribute. That he manages to do so is a victory of character as well as of art, for the picture that emerges is recognizably that of a man, not a monster. Though he blackened the world around him, as Barrett's wife once observed of Rahv, he is shown finally to be a man in battle with his own chaos, which led him in "advancing age to clutch his Marxist gods more fiercely and rigidly than ever." Yet, in a final burst of what Barrett reads as idealism, Rahv willed his money to the state of Israel. (A less charitable explanation I've heard is that he wanted to be certain that his wife didn't get a nickel.)

About Schwartz, Barrett is unashamedly elegiac. Their friendship, while it was fresh, was the richest portion of his life. "In his peculiar way," he recalls of Schwartz's buoyant youth, "he was the most magical human being I've known—the adjective does not seem to me excessive." The turning of all that magic into dread is by now an old story, to which Barrett adds little new besides the grace notes of personal tenderness. Their final farewell, if it could be deemed that, took place in a Greenwich Village restaurant early in the 1960s, where Barrett encountered Schwartz in the company of a young woman, one of the many who took him in toward the end. After a drink and some moments of normal conversation, Schwartz broke out into an incoherent rant and filled the room with violent accusations, until the distressed woman managed to pull him away. Upon Schwartz's leaving, Barrett burst into tears. "'Don't take on so,'" urged his companion. "'There's nothing to be done. He's beyond salvaging.' . . . I looked across the table at the straightforward and uncomplicated face that had spoken, and thought: Yes, that is why I weep, because he cannot be salvaged."

It will appear churlish to quarrel with so fine and generous a book, but two caveats must be added. One is that Barrett's dates are vague or unreliable. Too many of his anecdotes begin, "Around this time, . . ." placing the events somewhere between 1945 and 1952. He gives 1939 as the date for James Burnham's important essay, "Lenin's Heir," when in fact it appeared in the Winter, 1945 issue of *Partisan Review*. (That was the essay in which Burnham broke with the Trotskyist myth that Stalin had stolen the Russian Revolution and had betrayed Lenin's dream of a worker's state, pointing out that Lenin himself installed the Communist system of bureaucratic despotism under strict party supervision and fashioned the instruments of the Soviet police state.) Barrett also tells us that he withdrew from *Partisan Review*'s editorial board early in 1952, as no doubt he did, and yet a check of the journal's masthead shows him listed as associate editor as late as the Winter, 1956 issue. This is a minor matter, and Barrett makes no claim to being a historian. But the discrepancy is one he might have addressed in some way, if only to assure us of his fidelity to facts.

My other caveat is more substantial, having to do with Barrett's dismissal of the politics of the 1960s as "infantile leftism," which he finds even less palatable than the teen-age revolutionism of his own generation. Barrett shares with most of his generation an unwillingness to give serious attention to the political thought that came after them; they view their disenchantment as definitive for American politics. The agony and turbulence of a subsequent generation appears to them as no more than, as one New York intellectual put it to me not long ago, "your failure to learn the lessons of *my* generation." This is a smugness that, while not entirely unearned, crudely seals off the questions that the 1960s so painfully posed and permits a decade of difficult politics to be dismissed by a few banal slogans.

Barrett treats contemporary liberalism as little more than a revival of the old Popular Front cum Progressive love affair with the Soviet Union, quite as if Henry Wallace were still a candidate for President, *PM* were still agitating for the defense of the socialist heartland and Corliss Lamont were still running world peace conferences out of the Waldorf. (That Hilton Kramer, writing in *The New York Times Book Review*, finds Barrett's alarm salutary is only further evidence, if such were necessary, that one needn't be a Marxist to turn oneself into a machine for producing monotonous platitudes.) To read chastened revolutionists on liberalism, one would never suppose that the pressure for détente in the 1970s came largely from American business; that our failure to pull out all the stops with Russia over the Polish crackdown tells us more about the influence of the agriculture and banking lobbies than about the illusions of the left; or that it was Richard Nixon, not Owen Lattimore, who scuttled the Vietnam War and opened relations with China.

Here, inadvertently, Barrett reveals something of his generation that has long been one of its distinguishing features: an intellectual conceit that gets along nicely without evidence and tends, when aroused, toward polemical recklessness, especially when the business at hand, now as in the 1930s, is the savaging of liberalism. *Plus ça change.* It may well be that when the histories of the *Partisan* legacy are written, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

single common thread uniting each decade with every other, through all the vicissitudes and realignments of politics and taste, will prove to be the contempt for liberalism that every truant shares with every corporate board chairman, by virtue of which the truant, as he grows up to become the board chairman, need never change his mind, just his slogans. □

Native Voices

MARY KINZIE

THE FORTUNATE TRAVELLER. *By Derek Walcott. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 99 pp. $11.95.*

Among poets who write in form, there are some who can take hold of one or two rhymes and, with these necessarily makeshift tools, hammer out the themes of their own particular fates. Indeed, we can identify some poets if given only the pairs of rhyme words around which a characteristic poem turns. Thus we can recognize the twilight melancholy of Tennyson in the rhyme of *tears* with *years*. At the sound of the off-rhyme, itself tortuous, between *true* and *throe*, the figure of Emily Dickinson steps forth. A. E. Housman's twin disappointments, in his career and in his loves, logically connect the random consonance between *mad* and *lad*. Even if you haven't read Yeats since school, you may easily associate him with such pairs as *beautiful/fool*, *horn/born* and *quarrel/laurel*.

Robert Lowell's tendency to toss rhymes off yields the smoothly conservative syntax of the rhymes between like parts of speech, *aground/drowned*, *cell/hell*, *God/Cape Cod* and *skull/hull*; the wit and energy come from his embodiment of the implied images, as well as from a new specificity of vocabulary. W. H. Auden is playing a different if not subtler game, because he brings to bear on any rhyme the whole of the phrase of which the rhyme-word is a part, as in the brilliant conjunction between those words of human contract, in "The Shield of Achilles," *kept* and *wept*—the first reminding us of Frost stopping alone by his neighbor's woods, and the second suggesting a warmer and more intimate redemption:

> That girls are raped, that two boys knife a third,
> Were axioms to him, who'd never heard
> Of any world where promises were kept,
> Or one could weep because another wept.

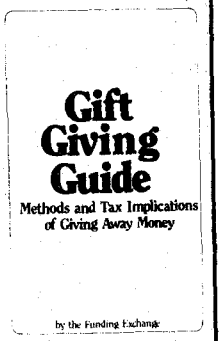
Like these poets, the West Indian Derek Walcott may have given us his own capsule esthetics in the rhyme between *beach* and *speech*. Like Lowell's, this rhyme is syntactically bland, since each word is a noun; but it differs from Lowell's in that it raises the issue of passive materiality (*beach*) versus active interpretation (*speech*). Hence the play between thing and act is invoked without flexing the sentence structure, producing a curiously paralyzed fluency in such descriptions as,

> Your forehead was an unmarked beach
>
> . . .
>
> In your speech
> Was the clearness of the curled wave,
> Green crystal in dead of noon,
> In it was neither cunning nor subtlety.
> ("Pays Natal," 1962)

The clarity of the woman's Antilles patois is a negative value, lacking goal or shade, as if the land with which she is linked were also, in its very substance, vacant. The meagerness is both linguistic and historical. As Walcott writes in his long autobiographical poem *Another Life* (1973), historian and anthropologist find but slim pickings amid the islands' epic, mindless decay: "the lizards are taking a million years to change,/and the lopped head of the coconut rolls to gasp on the sand,/its mouth open at the very moment/of forgetting its name."

Even as Walcott is consoled by the King's English for the loss of the lilting patois of his childhood, he wants to turn this standard tongue upon the very reality that, as it tries to speak, forgets its own name. For three decades, however, from 1948 to 1979, Walcott wrote correct and derivative colonial verse, reserving dialect, patois and jive for his plays. The first time he makes a sustained effort to combine the two sides of his personality is in the remarkable

Mary Kinzie's first book of poetry, The Threshold of the Year, *will be published by the University of Missouri Press in March. She teaches at Northwestern University.*



Fund Change, Not the Pentagon

On April 15th, how much money will you send to the Pentagon? Hundreds of dollars? Thousands?

Anyway you slice it, more than ⅓ of your federal taxes goes to military spending. A defense budget of 1.5 trillion dollars over the next 5 years is a dramatic representation of priorities gone haywire. Priorities badly in need of change.

That's why we say, **"Fund change, not the Pentagon."** Redirect your tax money through tax-deductible contributions to organizations working to end militarism and promote peace.

Or to any number of tax-exempt projects doing what our tax dollars should be doing. Empowering the disenfranchised. Protecting the environment. Redressing discrimination. Alleviating injustice.

A new book—the **Gift-Giving Guide**—tells you everything-you-need-to-know-about charitable giving:

- Dozens of ways to make tax-deductible contributions
- Multiple savings through gifts of stock
- Write off volunteer expenses or loans
- Prepare wills
- Take advantage of carryovers, lower tax brackets, and once-in-a-lifetime giving opportunities

But tax savings aren't everything. The whole point of the **Gift-Giving Guide** is to help you give **more** money to the organizations and causes you believe in.

Because less of your tax dollars for military programs means more money directly for programs of community activism and social change.

To order the **Gift-Giving Guide**, send $7.50, plus your name and address to:

Funding Exchange, 80 Fifth Ave., Room 1204-K New York, NY 10011

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramatic monologue that opens his 1979 volume, *The Star-Apple Kingdom*. Spoken by a mulatto sailor from Trinidad named Shabine, "The Schooner *Flight*" is an electrifying adjustment of the decasyllabic line to the special frequency of Walcott's native voice:

> You ever look up from some lonely beach
> and see a far schooner? Well, when I write
> this poem, each phrase go be soaked in salt;
> I go draw and knot every line as tight
> as ropes in this rigging; in simple *speech*
> my common language go be the wind,
> my pages the sails of the schooner *Flight*.

In his new volume, *The Fortunate Traveller*, Walcott takes the lyrical voice of Shabine and gives him an even more dramatic presence as the carnival Creole nicknamed "Spoiler," whom Satan sends back to Laventville as a scout. Spoiler describes himself as "Bedbug the First," "the flea whose itch to make all Power wince,/will crash a fête, even at his life's expense." This *honnête homme* with a touch of the satiric devil in him—a composite persona also used by Rochester, Dryden and Byron—has a personal stake in the geopolitics of the Caribbean:

> All those who promise free and just debate,
> then blow up radicals to save the state,
> . . . .
> all you go bawl out, "Spoils, things ain't so bad."
> This ain't the Dark Age, is just Trinidad,
> . . .
> is the same voices that, in the slave ship,
> smile at their brothers, "Boy, is just the whip."

At the other extreme from the calypso couplets of the Spoiler, Walcott speaks in his own voice in "North and South" and "The Hotel Normandie Pool," poems about the bitter roots and remnants of his inheritance. Just as the rhyme of *speech* with *beach* shadows his relation to themes as much as to forms, so Walcott's allusiveness always points beyond merely literary debts to touch those forefathers whom he describes in an early poem as having "drunkenly seeded the archipelago." His own "randy white grandsire" still chars his skin with shame: "My skin sears like a hair-shirt with his name." Now in "North and South," on a trip through the States, racial crimes are treated yet more literally as flames. Even in wintry Virginia he smells something burning: Treblinka, a Klansman's cross, dark holocausts. These associations recombine with at least a dozen more in the final stanza, among them Ovid's exile on the Black Sea, the Diaspora, the burning of Carthage, coming down with the flu, the demise of the Roman Empire and the British Raj, and the statue of Sheridan that reminds Walcott of each island port's statue of Victoria:

> But in Virginia's woods there is also an old man
> dressed like a tramp in an old Union greatcoat,
> walking to the music of rustling leaves, and when
> I collect my change from a small-town pharmacy,
> the cashier's fingertips still wince from my hand
> as if it would singe hers—well, yes, *je suis un singe*,
> I am one of that tribe of frenetic or melancholy
> primates who made your music for many more moons
> than all the silver quarters in the till.
> ("North and South")

The full elegiac and satiric flavor of these lines cannot be felt without more extensive reference to the accumulations in the previous thirteen stanzas. This dependence on cumulative rather than immediate meaning is one of the most peculiar qualities of Walcott's verse. The simplest example is the poem about Greece, in which a phrase that combines *bars, white* and *blue* occurs first to describe the sea ("The sea flies one flag:/the white barred waves, the unalterable blue"), and much later to describe what the poet is wearing ("I am eating an ice cream on a hot esplanade, in a barred blue-and-white vest"). This repetition creates an effect of unnecessary depths, as if great blocks of meaning were amalgamating somewhere way beneath the threshold of our notice.

But the doubling occurs everywhere in Walcott, not only in the weave of single poems: it can also span suites, sections and entire books. The leaf-littered cobbles of Europe wink in the rain from several poems here; so do the flames of suffering, which reach their lurid height in the Jacobean darkness of the title poem. And in the most striking example of the leitmotif that becomes a "rhyme" joining disparate poems, the song of birds stitches or weaves a world as an emblem of pain; Ovid in exile is the first to notice how yearning pricks the soul:

> "Through shaggy pines the beaks of needling birds
> pricked me at Tomis to learn their tribal tongue,
> so, since desire is stronger than its disease,
> my pen's beak parted till we chirped one song. . . ."
> ("The Hotel Normandie Pool")

From Ovid's voice in stanza sixteen, Walcott in the last of the poem's twenty-one stanzas shifts to his own voice speaking the exile's withdrawing coda; the moment is full of fear at the silvery refractions and the throbbing dusk in which "something, not a leaf, falls like a leaf,/as swifts with needle-beaks dart, panicking over/the pool's cloud-closing light," and "The fruit bat swings on its branch, a tongueless bell."

The sick fright of one man invoking his exiled Roman mentor beside a pool has found expression in metaphors of flickering life. This sense of hovering animal life is magnified numerically in "The Fortunate Traveller," where the race of diplomats is said by the sinister narrator to resemble swarms of roaches infesting "cabinets"; similarly, the world's starving millions compose swarms of flies "who shed glazed wings" and "seethe" about a tree. The massing of these human swarms is an echo—or an "off-rhyme"—of the earlier darting panic of the birds at dusk. After these ghostly swarms have faded, the final poem in Walcott's new book opens:

> Then all the nations of birds lifted together
> the huge net of the shadows of this earth
> in multitudinous dialects, twittering tongues,
> stitching and crossing it. . . .
> ("The Season of Phantasmal Peace")

As if the valence of the title poem had been changed, by a powerful magnet, from damnation to grace, the swarms and plagues have been transformed into flocks of birds again, who stitch the world together for a phantasmal season:

> and this season lasted one moment, like the pause
> between dusk and darkness, between fury and peace,
> but, for such as our earth is now, it lasted long.

Beautiful as these lines are, their pathos

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is harmonically augmented by the flocks of echoes from which, in his best poems, Derek Walcott stitches his matter into song. □

BOOK NOTES.

THE ALLEYS OF EDEN. *By Robert Olen Butler. Horizon Press. 256 pp. $12.95.* The peculiar fates of novels and memoirs about the Vietnam War is one of publishing's minor mysteries. Why a stale and repellent bit of work like Philip Caputo's *Rumor of War* should have achieved notoriety while more important books—Larry Heineman's *Close Quarters*, Charles Durden's *No Bugles, No Drums*, Gustav Hasford's *Short Timers*—sank without a trace makes one worry about the literary versions of the war we are transmitting to the next generation. Like many of the best Vietnam War novels, *The Alleys of Eden* is modest in scope and technique; perhaps more than the others, Butler's book unravels connections between the two cultures no one else seems to have noticed. Here is a book that deserves, but probably will not get, a long life in paperback.

A FEARFUL INNOCENCE. *By Frances Davis. Kent State University Press. 253 pp. $14.95.* An unusually interesting addition to the literature of utopian experiments, *A Fearful Innocence* describes "the Farm" that Ralph and Hazel Albertson established in 1909 and that survived in one chaotic form or another for many decades thereafter. Designed as a Christian, socialist utopia, the Farm nurtured itinerant intellectuals and notorious characters from Walter Lippmann to Carl Binger. It also nurtured Frances Davis, whose story this is—a bittersweet meditation on idyllic days and rude awakenings.

KILLING WONDER: A Mystery Novel. *By Dorothy Bryant. Ata Books. (1928 Stuart St., Berkeley, Cal. 94703.) 178 pp. $10. Paper $6.* The flap copy warns that this is not a *roman à clef* about the mysterious death of a feminist novelist from California whose initials are T. O. Well, maybe not, but it's irresistible fun to read it that way.

E. P.

IMAGINARY CRIMES. *By Sheila Ballantyne. The Viking Press. 265 pp. $13.95.* This is Sonya Weiler's narrative, an attempt to reassemble her life and exorcise her ghosts—a mother whose death from cancer she witnessed at the age of 9, a con-man father whose love she is afraid to trust. Ballantyne's finely controlled prose flexes and contracts to meet the demands of the story: the flat and unreflective thoughts of the child give way to powerful adolescent emotions and harrowing adult introspection. Reading it is as intense and as disturbing an experience as sharing the crucial moments of someone else's psychoanalysis.

STORIES UP TO A POINT. *By Bette Pesetsky. Alfred A. Knopf. 114 pp. $9.50.* This first collection of Bette Pesetsky's short fiction lays out stories of individual psychosis in ironic declarative sentences: "I have noticed that many people do not like me"; "One day it came to me that I was neither adopted nor the illegitimate daughter of the King of Rumania and Magda Lupescu"; "I have a garden of memories I visit as needed. I've been thinking of pruning them." Offbeat structure gives each story its distinct flavor; in one instance, the narrative takes form within a routine medical questionnaire which yields unexpectedly

Would you pay 2½ cents...

...FOR A POEM BY JOHN ASHBERY OR CZESLAW MILOSZ OR ALLEN GINSBERG OR SYLVIA PLATH? WOULD YOU PAY IT FOR AN EXCERPT FROM GÜNTER GRASS'S LATEST NOVEL? HOW ABOUT FOR AN ESSAY BY VLADIMIR NABOKOV OR NORTHROP FRYE OR A STORY BY JOHN UPDIKE?

A one-year subscription to APR costs $7.50 and with 48 tabloid-sized pages in every bi-monthly issue, your cost per page is 2½ cents.

THAT'S SMALL CHANGE FOR A BIG CHANGE, A LITERARY ONE—

Each year, in addition to poetry, fiction, social commentary, translations, columns and reviews by a host of distinguished contributors, APR brings you dozens of new poets and authors bursting onto the scene.

The AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW
CAROLYN FORCHÉ: Witness in El Salvador
YANNIS RITSOS Translated By Keeley & McKinsey
MARY KINZIE: A Generation Of Silver
Essays By GEORGE ECONOMOU & MARK RUDMAN
JUNKINS/ HILLMAN/ FASTERNAK

The AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW

temple university center city, 1616 walnut street, room 405 philadelphia, pa. 19103

☐ 1 yr. $7.50 ☐ 2 yrs. $13.00 ☐ 3 yrs. $19.00

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Pennsylvania residents add 6% sales tax.

Foreign rates: 1 yr. $9.10 2 yrs. $16.15 3 yrs. $23.70

*Enclose your check or money order and receive an extra issue free!

N

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'MYTHS ABOUT THE MIDDLE EAST' Is Available At LOW BULK RATES

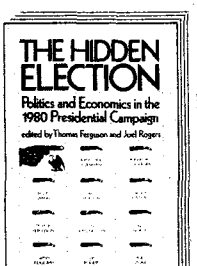
_____1 copy $3
_____10 copies $8
_____50 copies $30
_____100 copies $50
_____1,000 copies $300

A special issue of *The Nation* (December 5) devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas. With stereotype-toppling articles by Edward Said, Christopher Hitchens, Sadik al-Azm, Edward Mortimer and Michael Reisman.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please make check or money order payable to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

THE HIDDEN ELECTION
Politics and Economics in the 1980 Presidential Campaign


THE HIDDEN ELECTION
Politics and Economics in the 1980 Presidential Campaign
edited by Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers

Edited by Nation *Columnists Tom Ferguson and Joel Rogers*

Hardcover only $16.00 plus $1.75 for postage and handling

"Sprightly essays. . . . A major conclusion, based on substantial evidence. . . ." *Foreign Affairs*

"Pathbreaking analyses. . . . Essential to understanding the political economy of the '80s." *Samuel Popkin, Prof. of Political Science, University of California at San Diego*

Note: The Hidden Election *is one in a series of* The Nation *and Pantheon Books written by our authors and offered at a special price to* Nation *readers.*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please send $16.00, plus $1.75 for postage and handling (for additional copies add 50¢ each), to: THE HIDDEN ELECTION, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.

(and inappropriately) expressive responses. But these artful constructions barely disguise the blank despair of Pesetsky's middle-aged women. They itemize the facts of their lives as if they were composing grocery lists, and yet the substance would seem better suited to suicide notes.

BALLADS, BLUES & SWAN SONGS. *By William Wiser. Atheneum Publishers. 182 pp. $10.95.* In this collection, William Wiser's gift for storytelling comes to light in versatile, perceptive tales. Southern-style shysters, a traveling faith healer and other dislocated souls relate their histories in highly lyrical, authentic voices. Wiser's themes are alternately entertaining and deeply unsettling. There is a chilling story of one woman's private crusade against integration, and another, his most moving, which interweaves the lives of keeper and kept in a mental institution ("The Circle Tour"). Wiser's province is the sometimes seedy, occasionally colorful, frequently disheartening underside of the American dream.

E. B.

EXOTIC. *By Albert Haley. E. P. Dutton. 347 pp. $13.95.* What is most surprising about *Exotic* is not its plot, which is utterly predictable, but its having been awarded E. P. Dutton's John Irving First Novel Award. *Exotic* gestures toward "significance" by making much of its setting—the fictitious, politically volatile, Christian Republic of Manaya in Central America—but all Haley manages to do with this topical material is to push flat characters through a contrived obstacle course. We are made to follow an unambitious Yale student from New Haven to Colorado to a banana republic in order to learn that his dad's bit of banal advice is ever so accurate: "Never marry one who doesn't hold to the same political views as you." By the book's end, however, this theme, if theme it can be called, is abandoned in favor of a *Love Story* denouement—love conquers all, even, presumably, the better judgment of Dutton's editors.

CHINABOUND. *By John King Fairbank. Harper & Row. 480 pp. $20.* Although John King Fairbank has been hailed as the dean of China scholars, he prefers the more modest label "area specialist," one who is "privileged to watch how human drama unfolds without being caught in it." But Fairbank's absorbing and well-written memoir belies this description. *Chinabound* details the journey of an influential Sinologist who participated in the pre-World War II intrigue in China, served in the Office of Strategic Services during the war, stood up to McCarthyism and greatly advanced the field of China studies. For fifty years, Fairbank has preached his gospel that "historical knowledge [is] essential to mankind's survival," and, through his writings on U.S.-Chinese relations, he has been a voice of reason on the matter. *Chinabound* offers us a history of modern China from one man's perspective, explores the problems inherent in U.S. foreign policy decision making and introduces us to everyone from Gen. George Marshall to Chou-en Lai. It is a fine summation of an impressive career.

SOUND EFFECTS. *By Simon Frith. Pantheon Books. 294 pp. $18.50. Paper $8.95.* Perhaps what *Sound Effects* illustrates best is the difficulty of writing seriously about rock and roll. Frith, a British rock critic and sociologist, submits rock music to a sociological analysis which places the music within its social, political, cultural and economic contexts. Although the result reads, for the most part, like an academic text, it is nevertheless a convincing effort to examine rock and roll and the circumstances that generate it. The problem is that Frith too often loses touch with the music while pursuing its context; it makes one wonder whether he is writing for more than a small group of intellectuals and academicians who scarcely have time to enjoy the music before stripping it bare.

D.C.

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

A Metamorphosis in Miniature

The pleasures of the theater have to be taken where you find them, and more often than not they are in obscure places where no fanfare sounds. The best thing I've seen on the stage for a year or longer is *A Metamorphosis in Miniature*, a short play "freely adapted" from Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*, and I wouldn't have known about it had not a friend alerted me to its existence. A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work-in-progress by the Music-Theatre Group/Lenox Arts Center, whose managing directors are Lyn Austin and Margo Lion, this unadvertised piece had been quietly playing to invited audiences at the tiny Cubiculo Theater in New York City, and will be gone by the time this review appears. But I'm told that it's likely to return in other places. Watch for it.

Kafka on stage? The idea isn't very alluring. How do you render the texture of that strangest of all literary atmospheres, that zone of experience halfway between psychology and metaphysics? And *Metamorphosis*, of all the stories from which to try to make a play! What do you do with Gregor Samsa as a cockroach, how arrange for his "dome-like brown belly" and "numerous legs," how convey his sad, disgusting, fateful presence? All I can say is that the nine people who collaborated on the project have pulled it off; they've fashioned something wonderfully true in its own way, whose fidelity to the original story is a matter of tone and vision rather than of detailed transposition.

Jeff Wanshel, a playwright hitherto known chiefly for wild farces (*Isadora Duncan Sleeps with the Russian Navy*, etc.), has composed a remarkably affecting drama, which incorporates as well some brief passages from Kafka's letters to his sister. At the end of the opening section, in which the narrator reads from letters about Kafka's job and state of mind ("I am turning to stone"), is the line "an exceptionally repulsive story occurred to me, troubles me, and demands to be written." And thus the drama, the little "metamorphosis," begins.

Two actors, David Rounds as Gregor, and Linda Hunt as the narrator, Kafka's sister Grete, a charwoman and a clerk, make up the entire cast. Each is individually superb and they work wondrously well together. Under Martha Clarke's direction, Rounds portrays the "gigantic insect" (or "monstrous kind of vermin," in another translation) in mime, and Marcel Marceau couldn't have done it better. Rounds weaves his arms and legs about to suggest the insect's "numerous" appendages, pulls his head into his shoulders to convey its grotesque shape, and moves with painful slowness or scuttling speed, depending on the circumstances. Vocally, he passes agilely between the deep lugubriousness and near-hysteria that are the poles of the story's mood.

Hunt, a short woman with a gnome-like appearance, plays her various roles with either perfect wryness or fine gravity. She's the very incarnation, or distillation, of all those Kafka characters on the periphery—all those servants, relatives, employers and functionaries who fill out the mysterious and inimical yet also strangely sensuous world of Joseph K., Karl Rossmann, Gregor Samsa, et al. At the center of her splendid performance is her total lack of surprise at what has befallen Gregor, that prosaic acceptance of the bizarre which is so essential an aspect of Kafka's imagination and style.

The set is enormously evocative; a little room, with its decor of bourgeois propriety and genteel poverty, gives the feeling of an illustration (one of those precise line drawings that accompany most editions of Kafka) into which a drama has been inserted. There is also a delicate abstract musical score by Noa Ain for oboe, cello and viola. Everything testifies to shared ideas, a mutuality of skill and endeavor.

The result isn't Kafka's *Metamorphosis* on stage but a worthy, smaller dramatic equivalent. One takes away from it, as from the story itself, a sense of all that Kafka is ultimately about: writing, art, the perils, despair and necessity of consciousness. "It seemed to me," the narrator reads from Kafka at the end of the play, "that by staying alive I should interrupt my writing less than by dying." The liberating shock of this sort of wit is Kafka's great gift to us, and I'm grateful for being able to experience it in another form. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Personal Best
Shoot the Moon
New Yorker Films Retrospective

The pentathlon being a Greek invention, it no doubt seemed appropriate to Robert Towne, author, producer and director of *Personal Best*, that his co-heroines, who are Olympic-caliber performers in that event, should also be Sapphic lovers. It may have occurred to him as well that the relationship would lend the movie a spicy attraction that was sadly

$4.25 gets you in . . .

The Magic Whorehouse

provocative tales by
THOMAS TOLNAY
evocative drawings by
DAVID ITCHKAWICH
120 BIG (9 × 8) pages of pleasure
sensuously printed
on Mohawk Superfine
The Smith
5 Beekman St. NYC 10038
the anti-dullness publisher
distributed by Horizon Press
clip & mail

Menke Katz's
FOREVER AND EVER AND A WEDNESDAY...
In the time-lost tales
of Michalishek, where the
little white goat brings
raisins & almonds,
LEGENDS BECOME TRUTHS
80 tall pages of heart, with
illustrations by Lisa Smith
$5.00 paper
$6.50 cloth
The Smith
5 Beekman St.
NYC 10038
the anti-dullness publisher
distributed by Horizon Press
Clip & Mail

'THE SELLING OF JAPAN'
Is Available At
LOW BULK RATES

_____1 copy $3
_____10 copies $8
_____50 copies $30
_____100 copies $50
_____1,000 copies $300

A special issue of *The Nation* that challenges the current adulatory view of Japan Inc. in establishment circles and tells why American working people should not be traded in for the "Japan model." With provocative articles by Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers, John G. Roberts, Bruce Cumings, Kathleen Molony, Jon Halliday and Christopher Hitchens.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please make check or money order payable to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

missing from the almost too wholesome *Chariots of Fire*. However, I have become inured by now to being made a voyeur of the screen's soft pornography, and in this case it is presented with a matter-of-fact cheerfulness that might well pass for Greek. Chris and Tory (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) do emote rather freely, but as much over their athletic mishaps as over their personal attachment.

What gravels me about the film is its persistent treatment of its large cast of women as sex objects in situations that are unrelated to sex. We wander into their steam room, where they are relaxing in languorous nudity. When Chris is exercising in a swimming pool, a young man (Kenny Moore), who later takes her from Tory, almost drowns from the excitement of her underwater movements. During track and field events, the cameras focus obsessively on the women's crotches—most outrageously during a slow-motion passage when six or eight of them practice the high jump by turning back-somersaults over the bar. This is cheesecake; it demeans women, and the lubricious chuckles in the audience suggest that it does so successfully.

Aside from this, *Personal Best* is a pleasant enough bit of trivia about how Chris and Tory, though they part as lovers, remain faithful to each other as fellow athletes. Donnelly, a former Olympic contestant here making her debut as an actress, is excellent as the older, more overtly homosexual partner. She displays a brusque vulnerability that is both appealing and convincing. Scott Glenn (he and Hemingway are the only professional actors in the cast) has the most interesting part as Terry Tingloff, the team coach. He could, he says, have coached football, and he wonders how he let himself get involved with a bunch of emotionally volatile women. Glenn plays him in a way to suggest that he relishes his job as tough/tender animal trainer in compensation for his inability to come to grips with women in more obvious ways. Except when she is displaying valor on the field, Hemingway is rather impassive, but that fits her role well enough, and I would extol her comeliness if Towne had not taken such crass advantage of it. The other Olympic veteran in the film is Moore, now on the staff of *Sports Illustrated*. His part is small, but he plays it with charm and ease. The track and field events are hoked up with visual tricks and audio uproar. An 800-meter race among top contenders is a stirring spectacle. It is not, however, a rerun of the Battle of Hastings.

Alan Parker, the British director of *Shoot the Moon*, began his career with *Bugsy Malone*, a god-awful parody of the gangster film, performed entirely by children. More recently, he made *Fame*, about New York City's School for Performing Arts, which was great. *Shoot the Moon* was written by Bo Goldman, who made a decent adaptation of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and wrote the script of *Melvin and Howard*, a rather dim comedy about the alleged beneficiary of a will purported to have come from Howard Hughes.

So for my money the odds were about even on the new film, which stars Albert Finney, Diane Keaton and four bumptious little girls as their daughters, and records what happened in the Dunlap family when daddy got the seven-year itch. What happened, apparently, was that they all got together and decided to make a movie about it. At least it's hard to believe that this otherwise intelligent Marin County family (George is a successful writer; Faith is a proficient earth mother) would handle its domestic crisis with such exhibitionistic absurdity if it were not appearing before a battery of cameras. George and Faith reminded me of a pack of Third World insurgents, grinding their teeth and flinging themselves about for the benefit of the 7 o'clock news. The adults conduct their battles in crowded restaurants and go around the house conjugating the verb "to fuck" so enthusiastically that the children join in, and get themselves slapped for saying dirty things about mommy and daddy. George enlivens the divorce proceedings by alternately weeping and flying into rages during which he breaks down doors, tosses women and children about and employs his station wagon as a battering ram. Eventually he incurs the wrath of another man (Faith's instant lover), who beats and kicks him into semi-comatose submission. The Dunlap family is then reunited as Mother and daughters fall crooning onto the recumbent George.

As you may imagine, this tale of violence, copulation and "funny" juvenile sophistication is a prime movie dish, and the crowds are lapping it up. I apologize for losing my temper.

From February 10 through April 13, the Film Forum 2, at 57 Watts Street, New York City, is presenting an unusual festival. It is a retrospective of recent foreign movies imported by New Yorker Films, including *Contract* (Krzysztof Zanussi), *City of Women* (Federico Fellini), *Angi Vera* (Pal Gabor), *Confidence* (Istvan Szabo), *Knife in the Head* (Reinhard Hauff), *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* (Fred Schepisi) and *Jun* (Hiroto Yokoyama).

Also on the list are four pictures that have not had commercial runs and that the distributor does not at present plan to release. They are Andrzej Wajda's *Without Anesthesia* (February 17-23), Goran Paskaljevic's *Special Treatment* (March 7-13), Maurice Pialat's *Passe Ton Bac d'Abord* (March 24-25) and Andras Kovacs's *The Stud Farm* (April 7-13).

The first of these, which I have seen in preview, treats in intimate terms the struggle between individual freedom and state authority that Wajda's *Man of Marble* and *Man of Iron* discuss on an epic scale. The film has flaws (I found its conclusion especially frustrating), but they are swept aside by the performance of Zbigniew Zapasiewicz, who portrays, with the most illuminating warmth of expression and gesture, the protagonist's swift descent from buoyant reality into the arms of Kafka. The man is a journalist, a foreign correspondent on a Warsaw paper, who has unwisely allowed himself to become a popular hero. As I watched him battling against shadows, I kept wondering when and how we will learn the whereabouts of Andrzej Wajda. □

Join the Nation Associates, a loyal and committed group of our readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $50 and up (annual membership includes a one-year subscription to *The Nation* and participation in a variety of Nation Associates activities).

For further information, please write, or call Claudine Bacher at (212) 242-8400.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

BOOKS

ALCHEMY: AN INTRODUCTION to the Symbolism and the Psychology, by Marie-Louise von Franz, Jungian Analyst. Invaluable for an understanding of images and motifs in modern dreams. 84 illustrations, 288 pages. $15.60. Inner City Books, PO Box 1271-N, Station Q, Toronto, Canada M4T 2P4.

GUATEMALA: A PEOPLE IN SEARCH OF DIGNITY. 44 pages of political-theological documents defining the current Guatemalan conflict, $2 plus 75¢ postage, New York CIRCUS, PO Box 37, New York, NY 10108.

THE FILMS OF JENNIFER JONES. Privately printed hardbound book with dust jacket. 300 photos, color frontispiece, story of ea. film, exhaustive note section. Available only from author. $16 complete. Frank Moshier, 312 Teresita Blvd., San Francisco, CA 94127.

MINIATURE BOOKS OF JAPAN. Tatsuo Go, Moritakabatake 621, Toyama City, 931, Japan.

"LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE" and **"JEAN'S WAY,"** unique books on self-deliverance for the dying. Available through Hemlock Society, PO Box 66218, Los Angeles, CA 90066. Send SASE or call (213) 391-1871.

PICTURES FROM THE PAST: "Memorable and outstanding" (Small Press Review). "Unforgettable and powerful. Beautiful and disturbing stories that depict the triumphs and affirmations of women's experience" (Big Mama Rag). "Ruth Geller's characters come alive and touch the pathos in all of us. Memorable" (Buffalo Evening News). Order from your local bookstore or send $7.95 to Imp Press, PO Box 93, Buffalo, NY 14213.

WIDE-ONS. Former nun Diane Christian's lusty, loving poems. Introduced by Robert Creeley. $9 hardcover, $4 paperback. Synergistic, 3965 Sacramento, San Francisco, CA 94118.

BETTER MEETING PROCESSES. Welty's Book of Procedures for Meetings, Boards, Committees and Officers eliminates arbitrary rules of order. Learn how to: Achieve consensus without debate. Establish a new organization. Write bylaws. Resolve conflict. Improve participation. 270 pages. $9.95, Michiganders add 40¢ tax. Pay with order, avoid COD charges. Parliamentary Services Institute Dept. A7, 51 Elmview, Saginaw, MI 48602.

WHAT WOULD HUCK FINN have to say about the firing up of the once-cold war? He had plenty to say in the Fifties, though most of us weren't listening! But we'd better listen this time to the kind of common sense Americans were born with—which Huck Finn still has because he wasn't educated out of it! For his comments on this and other subjects, order your copy of **Tom Sawyer Comes Home** by Dorothy Langley. It's only $7.95—and worth more than the B-1s in your budget. Send your check to Traumwald Press, #10, 3550 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60657.

JEWISH WEEK: "One of the season's truly important works of American literature." BOOKLIST: "An engrossing first novel." RABBI: A TALE OF THE WANING YEAR, by Stanley Sultan. $6.95, Princess Moon Press, PO Box 202, Newton Corner, MA 02158.

A-ALERT BE PREPARED! SURVIVALIST! HANDBOOK $5. Julius Rose, Richland, NJ 08350.

BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS

GEORGE ORWELL FOR PRESIDENT 1984 bumperstickers. Quality graphics, purple and orange on white, durable vinyl. $2 postpaid. PO Box 61, Selah, WA 98942.

CHINA FOR SALE

ENGLISH CHINA: Buy-Sell-Matching. List specific wants. Long list, 40¢ stamps. Geisers, R #1, PO Box 426, Rolla, MO 65401.

EVENTS

THE LABOR MOVEMENT at the Crossroads—a conference featuring Professors Clyde Summers, David Feller, Julius Getman, Howard Lesnick; John Oshinski, head of Steelworkers' organizing drive at Dupont; Edward Gray, head of UAW Region #9, union attorneys Staughton Lynd and Katherine Stone; AUD executive director Herman Benson, and others. Open to the public, March 5, 4 p.m. to 6:30 p.m., March 6, 9:30 a.m. to 6 p.m., 40 Washington Square So, NYC. Sponsored by NYU Law School Review of Law and Social Change. For information, call 212-598-3919.

GAMES & PUZZLES

RUBIK'S CUBE—SOLVED! $2 and SASE to: Kurosaka, 72 Newell Road, Auburndale, MA 02166.

GUIDES TO WISDOM

THOUGHT: Miracle Tool for Effective Living. $2 and SASE. Cuts labor, time and pain. Commonsense Books, 212N North Road, Chelmsford, MA 01824.

HEALTH

HERPES—Send $2 for our complete booklet on causes, prevention, treatments. Women's Health Center, 250 Locust, Santa Cruz, CA 95060.

CANCER BREAKTHROUGH—as revealed in Spotlight and Globe 9-15-81 "Incredible cure—results within 30 days." For information send SASE, Medical Consultants, 781 W. Oakland Pk. Blvd., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33311.

GH-3 GEROVITAL—Amazing Romanian Anti-Aging health rejuvenator. Now for in-home use. Romanian formula available here. For information send SASE: Rejuvalife, 1323 SE 17 St. 201, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316.

HELP WANTED

CHANGE JOBS, CHANGE THE WORLD! Every year, COMMUNITY JOBS, a monthly journal, lists over 2,000 job and internship openings in social change work nationwide. Work for a job you can believe in! Just send $2 for a sample issue. Write: COMMUNITY JOBS, PO Box 405, 1520 16th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036.

HOTELS

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, Washington, D.C., Dupont Circle/Embassy District, large rooms, color TV's, airconditioning, refrigerators, deli-restaurant, Best Buy in D.C., from $35. 800-424-2463.

JOB OPPORTUNITIES

CALIFORNIA! Get job help fast. Low fees. We search out opportunities for your better future. K M & L Associates, 2013 Veteran Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025.

LITERARY SERVICES

$300 for fiction. Stories, 358 Comm. Ave., Bos., MA 02115.

BOOKS—Used and rare. FREE search service. Send wants to James Books, Box 521B, Brookline, MA 02147.

FICTION CONSULTANT. 2227 20 St. N.W., 402 Washington, DC 20009.

MERCHANDISE

VACUUM CLEANERS. "Discount Prices" "New" Rainbow $349.95, Kirby, Filter Queen, Compact. Details: ABC Vacuum Warehouse, 7021 Burnet-N, Austin, TX 78757.

ATTN. CABLE SUBSCRIBERS descramblers converters. Plans & Parts, Build or Buy. Send $2 for catalog. JDT Electronics Inc., PO Box 8274, Gr. Rapids, MI 49508.

MILITARY COLLECTING

MILITARY MEDALS, badges, insignia, etc. Large catalog 50¢. Quincy Sales, PO Box 7792-X, Tulsa, OK 74105.

MISCELLANEOUS

EINSTEIN SUPERSEDED! $1. Thomas, 408 Vt., Daytona, FL 32018.

THE 20 BEST weight-control ideas of the 80's for only $1 & SASE: FAT! PO Box 10117, Towson, MD 21204.

DISARM YOURSELF. Stamped envelope to New Party, 8319 Fulham Court, Richmond, VA 23227.

ARE YOU MATURE ENOUGH to add to your list of personal accomplishments the advantages that the power of hypnosis will give you? Find out how easily you can have for yourself all of these powerful advantages! Just send a SASE to Boyal's, PO Box 1534, Decatur, GA 30030.

DIETING? Control those urges for food the lazy, fun way! $2. NHLP, PO Box 52, Sun Valley, CA 91352.

NOT-FOR-PROFIT worker co-op food warehouse now serving co-ops in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, New Jersey. Infinity Foods, 1008 Washington Blvd., Pittsburgh, PA 15206, 412-363-5247.

HAPPY SAINT PAT'S. Astonish children with Leprechaun Story-Letters, Personalized, send $1, name, address to: Secret Pals, PO Box #3714, Amarillo, TX 79106.

THE AMERICAN MYTHS 1982 CALENDAR. (No Nukes successor)—12 beautiful, outrageous multicolored works debunking myths like Columbus Discovered America, Nuclear War Is Winnable. $6.25, 3/$17.50. SPC 924 Burnet Syracuse, NY 13203 (315) 472-5478. Bulk rates.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PERSONALS

NEW-AGE SINGLES meet and publish in Contact High. Free details (sample $2): PO Box 500-N, Mendocino, CA 95460.

ORIENTAL CONTACTS. Cherry Blossoms, Honokaa, HI 96727.

UNATTACHED? Meet aware, literate singles—like YOU! Very low fee. Call DATELINE—free: 800-451-3245.

CATHOLIC SINGLES CLUB. Box 872, Troy, NY 12181.

HART & KEY matchmakers monthly newsletter for singles. Cupids Special, 25 Free trial memberships. Hurry, PO Box #3714, Amarillo, TX 79106.

PUBLICATIONS

This publication is available in microform.

University Microfilms International

Please send additional information
Name _____
Institution _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

300 North Zeeb Road
Dept. P.R.
Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106
U.S.A.

30-32 Mortimer Street
Dept. P.R.
London W1N 7RA
England

MODERN HAIKU: Premier haiku magazine; cash awards. Sample: $2.50. PO Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701.

NEED A PUBLISHER?

We are now seeking important fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile manuscripts for immediate publication. New & experienced authors send for *FREE ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE*. Todd & Honeywell, Inc., Dept. P1, 10 Cuttermill Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 (516) 487-9777

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPLOYMENT NEWSLETTER!! Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming!! Current openings—All occupations!! Write today for free details to INTERMOUNTAIN-7F, 3506 Birch, Cheyenne, WY 82001.

SCRIPTWRITER NEWS. Bi-weekly newsletter for entertainment writers. Exclusive market news. Scripts, contracts for film, theater, cable, contests, grants & more. One yr. sub., $36; sample issue, $3. 250 W. 57 St., #224N, New York, NY 10019.

UNITY, SHARING, PEACE, PLENTY—the sequence for establishing a new economic order. Send for the World Goodwill Newsletter, **Formulating the Economics of Intelligent Love.** World Goodwill, Dept. N, 866 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017-1888.

JESUS WAS A HYPOCRITE! Learn why. Free! Crusade Publications, 16141-P Redmond Way/C-33, Redmond, WA 98052.

GRITTY WORKING CLASS Quarterly Magazine out of Pittsburgh, PA—The Mill Hunk Herald. Looking for creative writers and cheap subscribers ($3 a year), 916 Middle St. Pittsburgh, PA 15212.

CRITIQUE announces the publication of

The Middle East
A Special Issue

Articles include:

Covering Islam • *Israeli Democracy?*
Muslim Brotherhood • *Zionism & Nazism*
Arab Aid to the 3rd World • *Among the Sufis*
Fahd's 8-pt. peace program • *Dissent in Libya*
Palestinians in the West Bank • *Israeli Dissent*
The Holocaust: political propaganda for Zionism
Soviet Union & the Middle East

Book reviews, a bibliography and insightful analysis of current events in the Middle East.
Send $3.50 [postage included] to: **CRITIQUE, 2364 Valley West, Santa Rosa, CA 95401.**

REAL ESTATE

CHICAGO BOUND? Live in Oak Park—unique urban suburb. Classic architecture, active diverse population, excellent library and schools. Just 15 minutes from downtown Chicago by public transportation. Free housing referral service—brochures, too. Contact Donna, OAK PARK HOUSING CENTER, 1041 South Blvd., Oak Park, IL 60302. (312) 848-7150.

TUCSON, ARIZONA. Buy Townhouses, residences, land, motels, apartments. Free information. Reputable Roy Long Realty, 5671 N. Oracle Rd., 85704. M.J. Barrett.

RELIGION

JESUS FICTIONAL! Positive proof Flavius Josephus created Jesus, authored Gospels. Scholarly booklet, $3: Vector, PO Box 6215-A, Bellevue, WA 98007.

IS TONGUES-SPEAKING of God? FREE 80-page color book, others. Standard (B), Chester Springs, PA 19425.

STUDY/TRAVEL

"SEE FOR YOURSELF"
THE SOVIET EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

Exciting **Study-Adventure** for **Youth** and **Students, "Soviet Education in the 1980's".** Hosted by USSR Educators. **Departs NYC April 4-18. $1350 complete** covers airfare, hotel, 3 meals daily, etc. Grad/undergrad credits optional. Insider's Professional, Cultural and Historic visits in MOSCOW, LENINGRAD, BAKU. TOUR LEADER: Prof. Miles Wolpin, SUNY, Potsdam, N.Y. 13676 (315) 265-9421. Tour arranged by Labor Research Assn., (212) 473-1042 anytime.

TRAVEL

MOUNTAIN HOT-SPRINGS HOTEL in private valley: sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room & meals from $25 daily. Brochure: Apdo 1-1187, Guadalajara, Mexico.

COLORADO OUTWARD BOUND SCHOOL invites you to take a break with us. Free catalog on adult courses. 945 Pennsylvania, Dept. NA, Denver, CO 80203, 303-837-0880.

DISCOVER CUBA: Individual beach trips for sun lovers; "get acquainted" and special interest group tours. From $365/weekend to $880/fortnight. Weekly departures from Miami. Brochure: Anniversary Tours, 250 W. 57 St., New York, NY 10107; (212) 245-7501, toll free out-of-state 800-223-1336.

WYOMING RANCH VACATION. Family fun. Good food, fishing, riding, relaxing. Spectacular Rocky Mountain scenery. Famous for 67 years. VALLEY RANCH, South Fork Star Route TN, Cody, WY 82414. (307) 587-4661.

RAFT AND KAYAK TRIPS in Alaska's interior and Prince William Sound. Also fishing, photography and birding trips in the Copper River Delta. Contact Open Door, Box 1185K, Cordova, Alaska 99574.

UNUSUAL ITEMS

FREE! World's Leading Novelty Catalog. 1800 Jokes, Tricks, Science, Sports, Hobbies. Things You Never Knew Existed, Johnson Smith, C-255, Mt. Clemens, MI 48043.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

RATES: $.75 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Copy deadline 17 days prior to week of publication. Payment must accompany order.

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for two insertions of your ad, and we will print a third insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. N.Y. 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Copy: _____

Payment in U.S. currency

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATION RENTALS

BEAUTIFUL HAWAII—Vacation apartments. Free brochure. Paradise, 50 S. Beretania, C207, Honolulu HI 96813 (808)538-7145 Toll Free US to HI 1(800)367-5205

VIDEO & FILM

NORTHERN LIGHTS/THE WAR AT HOME

10% discount on rental or purchase. Excellent for organizing, classrooms, or fundraisers.

New Front Films
1409 Willows St., Suite 505
Minneapolis, MN 55403
(612) 872-0805

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1903

		C	O	M	M	O	N	P	L	A	C	E		
	S		V		I		O		A		H		G	
S	T	E	E	P	L	E	S			N	A	I	L	E	D
	E		R		E		E		T		L		N	
A	R	A	B	I	A	N		B	A	S	E	M	E	N
	E		O		G		S		N				R	
S	O	L	A	C	E			C	H	A	I	R	M	A	N
			R				O				A			
H	A	R	D	S	H	I	P		C	H	I	L	L	Y
	D				A		E		A		S		E	
R	A	U	C	O	U	S		A	S	P	E	C	T	S
	G		H		B		S		T		C		T	
D	I	V	I	D	E		P	R	O	F	A	N	E	D
	O		L		R		A		F		I		R	
		S	I	N	K	I	N	G	F	U	N	D		

MOVING?

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.

New address:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

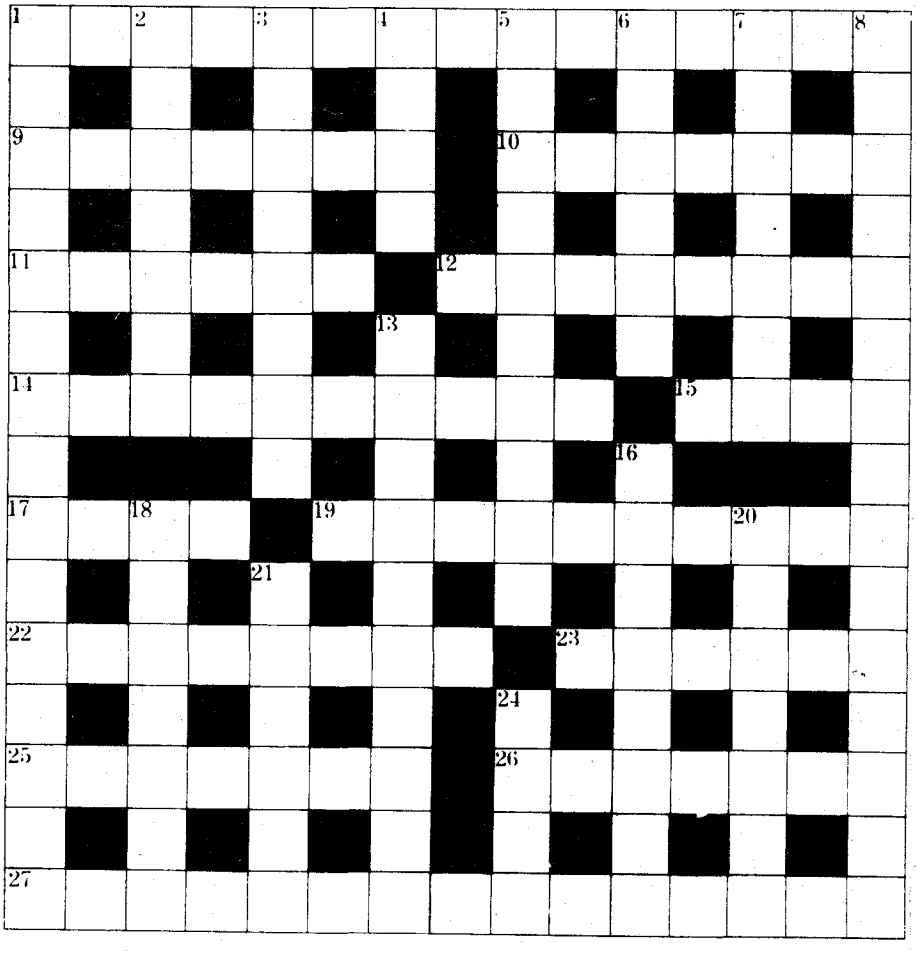
Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305

LOCAL ONE AMALGAMATED LITHOGRAPHERS OF AMERICA NEW YORK X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1904

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Getting the song ready? (It's usually cooler.) (3-12)
9 One type I'm confused about—disbelievers act with it. (7)
10 Real, yet perhaps non-true particle. (7)
11 Though a reputedly good man, he is involved with a jail-break. (6)
12 One might be responsible for part of the caravan having arrived with a nasty look. (8)
14 One usually doesn't think of taking it in the daytime, but it's a bad thing in art. (5,5)
15 You might leave one when you go, like Shakespeare. (4)
17 One's acquaintances ask it, however, in part. (4)
19 Scram, as they say, like the planners of such as Indianapolis do. (4,6)
22 The auto has a tidy sort of figure, used in support. (8)
23 Used perhaps to carry at least one 18—taking a little science at one time. (6)
25 In a monotonous sound, an effect that's not like us. (7)
26 A stitch in time saves nine, but one who is paid has to be, for example. (7)
27 Some people check it for correspondence. (7,8)

DOWN

1 A peculiar cad—vain, kinglike and yet still with us with plenty to grumble about. (5,3,7)
2 Showing a tear or two, but the English think it's swell! (7)
3 Hams, perhaps, cost Vera some change. (8)
4 Strangely enough, those of Methuselah were 969 *years*! (4)
5 TNT, as exploded about Stowe's girl, in a way, has a teasing effect. (10)
6 Little eggs—solve with difficulty, when it's about turn. (6)
7 Did an English statesman lose his head with certain people? (7)
8 Not Officers Call, on a very high level—though they might be expected to pass something here. (7,8)
13 It might be a daily allowance in a bad liar—but such things don't make sense! (10)
16 A plant of the mustard family—with a ball coming up on a couple of cubic centimeters mixture of oil. (8)
18 What British flashlight-users turn with a duster or dishcloth. (7)
20 In the topic once declaimed, as one might admit. (7)
21 A lot might come under it, as they say, according to your bidding. (6)
24 Part of the church collapses—definitely part of it! (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE COUNTRY, TRY The Nation.

P.O. Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305

YES!!! Send me 16 issues of *The Nation* for $11.95, a savings of 40% off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!

☐ Please bill me later.

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

D8208

40% OFF NEWSSTAND PRICE

SEND *THE NATION* TO A FRIEND! (And save $2.)

Please send 16 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $11.95 for the first and $9.95 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Enclosed is $ _____ for _____ subscription(s). (Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)

☐ Bill me later.

Add $3 postage for each foreign subscription. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D8208

SAVE AN ADDITIONAL $2.00

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED